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[ONE PENNY.]

FIERY SERPENTS.

OUR soldiers who are about to form the expedition which is going to Abyssinia have a lively prospect before them, if a medical contemporary is to be believed. Amongst the maladies which are rife in Abyssinia, guinea-worm disease occupies a prominent position in consequence of the frequency of its attacks; some people are of opinion that the "fiery serpents" of Moses are in reality to be regarded as guinea-worms. Plutarch, in his "Symposiakon" (Table-talk), says: "The people taken ill on the Red Sea suffered from many strange and unheard of attacks; amongst others, worms, like little snakes, came out upon them, which gnawed away their legs and arms, and when touched again retracted themselves, coiled themselves up in the muscles, and there gave rise to the most insupportable pains." It is generally admitted by learned writers that this is a description of the guinea-worm disease, but some have gone so far as to say that the account is nothing more or less than a *rechauffe* of the tradition of the "fiery serpents" which were sent upon

the Israelites during their journey by the Red Sea. Its mode of attack is as follows:—When the worm is very minute it finds its way to some part of the surface, generally the bare feet, and "bores" its way into the skin, where it takes up its abode in the deep part of the skin. Growing in six months or so in a perfectly quiescent state, as far as the patient is concerned, till it reaches a length of from six inches to ten feet or more, when it is about half or two-thirds of a line in thickness, it looks like a bit of whip-cord, pointed at either end. When it reaches a largish size, the worm begins to find its way to the surface. A boil appears, this breaks, and the worm protrudes, a good deal of irritation of the general system follows, and the sufferer is disabled for a while. The worms have the power of travelling from place to place over the body. Dr. Smyttan records the case of a Lieutenant F—, in whom "the worm could be distinctly traced under the skin at the top of the left shoulder. By-and-bye it found its way to the elbow, where it was as distinct, and in the course of a few weeks made its way by gradual progress to the wrist, from which place it was extracted. It is generally felt under the skin as a "cord." Immunity may be enjoyed by Euro-

peans, who have their feet and legs protected by proper coverings. It is the experience of those who have seen much of the disease that where Europeans adopt the habits of the natives, and go shoeless, they are equally liable to be infested by the modern "fiery serpent." The danger, then, to our troops in regard to guinea-worm disease may be very great, but it ought to be rendered absolutely *nil* by the care and foresight of the authorities. The cure deserves one word. When the worm has lodged itself in the body for several months, it makes its way to the surface, and should then be seized and traction gently made; as much as will come forth readily is bound round a stick, or a piece of card, and fastened over the wound. This operation of "winding" the worm is repeated daily, and at the end of several weeks the whole is removed, and the wound heals. If the worm be broken, and any portion be left, the part infested is attacked by great irritation. In the case of the leg amputation may be required to be performed to save life. The secondary results are stiff joints, and the like. This is pleasant, to say the least of it. If war has its glories, we are convinced that peace has its charms, and the sword has not always the best of the gown.



PEMBROKE LODGE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF EARL RUSSELL.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

HIS HIGHNESS the Maharajah Dhulep Singh is expected to return shortly to Elveden Hall, Thetford, Norfolk, from Scotland. JAMES COOPER, Esq., Hill Cottage, Hawk-head, shot a fine full-grown young woodcock on Tuesday upon the Parks, Collyer.

HIS EXCELLENCY M. Van de Weyer and Madame Van de Weyer have dined with the Queen and Royal Family.

THE Duke of Marlborough left Balmoral Castle on Monday, and Lord Stanley arrived as the Minister in attendance upon Her Majesty.

WE are happy to be able to state that Lord Brougham still maintains his health, and takes a carriage drive or an airing on the lawn daily, according to the state of the weather.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to grant the dignity of knighthood to John Brown, of Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield, and to Joseph N. McKenna, of Ardo House, county of Waterford.

ON Sunday the Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Prince Leopold, attended Divine service in the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, minister of Crathie, officiated.

THE mortal remains of Lady Troubridge, who expired a few days ago at her temporary residence in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, were interred, on the 31st ult., at the Cemetery, Kensal-green. The funeral was strictly private, being attended only by several near relatives.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science, which holds its anniversary this year at Dundee, commenced business on Tuesday. Mr. Grove, Q.C., resigned the chair into the hands of the new president, the Duke of Buccleuch, who opened the proceedings by an eloquent address. Instead of the essay-like deliverances which have been usually prepared and put into type beforehand, his Grace spoke extempore. The attendance, although good, was considerably smaller than at Nottingham last year.

A REFORM CONFERENCE was held in Dublin on Monday, under the presidency of The O'Donoghue. In the evening Mr. Ernest Jones delivered a lecture at the Rotundo on the subject of "Political Justice—and why it is needed." He declared his sympathy with the Irish people, in whose cause he said that he had suffered. The possession of immense territorial estates enabled the aristocracy to be despotic, and he asked the people to unite against the aristocracy. If they combined they would be able to secure their rights. Mr. Beales also addressed the meeting, and was much applauded.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by the young Princesses, the ladies in waiting, and the Hon. Lord Charles Fitzroy, drove from Balmoral along the south side of the river Dee, through the village of Braemar. At a short distance beyond the village, along the Duchlaish Drive, emerging from the Glenelg and Cairnwell-road to Blairgowrie, the Royal party halted, and had a picnic amongst the heather on the side of hill. After a short stay, the Royal cortege drove through the "Duchlaish," and by the "Lion's Face," to the Highland Palace. The evening was delightful, and Her Majesty appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

AT the Hastings Police-court, on the 28th ult., the Viscountess Frankfort de Montmorency was summoned for assaulting her servant, Eliza Bennett. The complainant had been in the service of Lady Frankfort about three weeks only. On Wednesday, the 21st ult., her mistress called her many foul names, and afterwards ordered her to take the tea-kettle downstairs, just as she began to descend the stairs, Lady Frankfort called out to her to take down a pillow which had been vomited upon by a dog. Before the girl had time to pick the pillow up the lady threw it at her. The magistrates considered the assault proved, and fined the Viscountess Frankfort de Montmorency forty shillings and costs, or two months' imprisonment in default of payment. The fine was paid.

EARL RUSSELL.

EARL RUSSELL, whose portrait we give on page 492, was born in Hertford-street, London, on the 18th of August, 1792. He was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Edinburgh University. In 1813, as soon as he attained his majority, he entered upon his Parliamentary career, and from that time to the present he has continually been before the public as the leader of his party.

PEMBROKE LODGE.

RICHMOND abounds with beautiful seats of the nobility, and among them, on a hill in Richmond Park, is Pembroke Lodge, the favourite residence of Earl Russell. It was the gift of his Sovereign to that distinguished statesman. It was formerly called Hill Lodge, and derives its present name from one of the Countesses of Pembroke, who formerly resided there.

SUNSET AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE engraving we give of sunset at Constantinople is from a picture by Ziem, exhibited in the French Exhibition. It was, undoubtedly, one of the most successful pictures ever exhibited in this country by the Continental school of landscape painters. The flood of light shed over minaret and dome by the sinking orb, realises indeed the notion of a "Golden City." The hour chosen by the artist for his picture is that when the voice of the muzzin, calling the faithful to prayer, sounds clear and shrill over the waters of the Bosphorus, and is promptly and devoutly responded to by the "Allah-il-Allah" of the Moslem devotees. Those who read the account of the recent return of the Sultan to Constantinople will now fully understand, from our engraving, the pageantry of the water scene there on the occasion.

MISS BATEMAN.—English playgoers will learn with much pleasure that the highly-accomplished and popular Transatlantic comedienne, Miss Bateman, is about to pay another professional visit to this country, albeit when the young lady played out her last performances here it was partly understood she was about to retire into private life. Whatever the cause which brings back the fair actress to the stage, of which she was one of its very brightest ornaments, the event of her return will be a matter of congratulation to all lovers of the truthful and beautiful in the histrionic art. Miss Bateman will commence a *tournee* throughout the English provinces and Ireland and Scotland in October, playing for the most part a round of Shakespearean characters, which will terminate at Christmas. Early in the spring we may anticipate seeing her at one or other of the metropolitan theatres; but at present her provincial engagements alone are determined and arranged. The London public above all are deeply interested in Miss Bateman's re-appearance. No artist for many years had gained a larger and more enthusiastic circle of admirers.

INADVERTENT PARSIMONY.—To the very great inconvenience of many students, the library at Lambeth Palace has been suddenly closed, and its librarian, Professor Stubbs, dismissed. By an Act of Parliament passed last year the maintenance of that library and the payment of its librarian devolved on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who have declined to make the necessary provision for the purpose, and so the Archbishop of Canterbury has had to call in all the manuscripts lent to students, and to deprive the literary world of the treasures of a rare collection of books. It is to be presumed that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have not acted in this matter without forethought. It would be well if their reasons could be made public, in order that some arrangement might be made for re-opening the Lambeth library.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

MORE than one lot of lambs was sold at Muir of Ord market last week at 2s. 9d. a head.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Wribbenhall last week caught an extremely rare moth upon a birch tree in Bowdley Forest, called the *Strattona Fagi*, or lobster moth. This is one of the most rare specimens of the moth found in England.

ON the 29th ult. a lamentable accident occurred at Pembroke Dockyard. Some men were engaged in testing a crane, and during the operation the crane gave way; the result was that three of the men lost their lives, and two others were badly injured.

ON Thursday, Thomas Thompson, farm servant of Mrs. Warwick, of Aliborough, was passing through a fold-yard in which a bull is usually kept, when he was suddenly attacked by the animal, and immediately, without any previous warning, tossed into the air. Fortunately for the poor fellow he fell under a rack in such a position as the bull could not reach him with his horns. In this dangerous position he lustily called for help, and the savage beast was driven from his attack, and the poor fellow enabled to escape from his perilous position. The man was much bruised and shaken by the tossing that he had received.

LAST year there seemed every probability that the 2nd battalion, 15th Regiment would shortly cease to be reckoned as one of the efficient corps of Her Majesty's service, so numerous were the men whose first period of service was about to lapse. The battalion was raised in 1858, and a large proportion of its present strength are, therefore, entitled this year to their discharge. The late increase of pay has, however, induced a considerable number of them to continue their service, and upwards of a hundred men had re-engaged within a few days of our last advice. They each received 45 bounty, and £2 if they preferred it in lieu of a furlough to England.

WE understand that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has at last consented to take the command at the grand Volunteer Review which is appointed to take place in Sefton-park, Liverpool, on the 5th of October. The ground selected comprises about 400 acres of fine undulating and well-wooded land, admirably adapted for trying the metal of troops. It is expected that between 20,000 and 30,000 Lancashire and Cheshire Volunteers will be present on this occasion, assisted, in all probability, by some troops of the line; and should the weather prove favourable this will doubtless be one of the finest reviews of Volunteer forces which has yet taken place. The Duke of Cambridge has not been in Liverpool since the close of the Crimean War.

WINNING JOCKEYS.—The following particulars of the amounts of the leading jockeys during the present season, will no doubt be interesting:—

	Wins.	Second.	Third.	Not placed.	Total mounts.
Fordham	116	65	33	78	292
Kenyon	62	55	27	109	253
Cameron	51	40	46	123	260
Butler	43	37	45	108	233

In addition to the above, Fordham has had one French win (Grand Prize of Paris), and Cameron six winning mounts in that country.

JOHN HODGKINS, a native of Tipperary, was on Saturday week discovered lying in a ditch near the Round Thorn, Penrith, in a helpless and apparently dying condition. The poor man was conveyed in a cart to the workhouse, where he expired. He was said to have been twenty-nine years of age, measured six feet two and a half inches in height, two feet four inches across the shoulders, and was eighty years of age. Hodgkins was in receipt of a Government pension of sixpence a day for two years after he obtained his discharge from the British Army. His remains were interred in Christ Church-yard, on Sunday last. In the pockets of deceased were found a number of letters in the handwriting of people of distinction. One of these was from the Rev. B. A. Marshall, of Carlisle, stating that the writer was fully acquainted with the history of the deceased. He had served as sergeant in the 4th Dragoon Guards in the Peninsular War, and was present at the closing scene of Waterloo. On an envelope written by the deceased was the following:—"Oft and oft the right honourable the Countess of Carlisle, &c., &c., relieved me with half-a-sovereign." On a sheet of paper he writes—"I am the old soldier who has been at the battle of Salamanca, under his Grace the Duke of Wellington, commanded by General Sir H. Trane, K.C.B., and at the battle of Waterloo, commanded by General Sir William Ponsonby, in his Majesty's Royal Dragoon Guards, but I bought my discharge from the army and forfeited seventeen years' service."

THE Bucks constabulary have entrapped a burglar under rather singular circumstances. In the regulations of the county police forces there are certain meeting-points, where, at a specified hour, the constables on the adjacent beats have to assemble and report themselves and their doings to the superintendent or to the inspector or sergeant who may meet them. At two o'clock in the morning of the 30th ult., one of these meeting-points of the Bucks constabulary was at the house of Mr. Thomas Goddard, farmer, at Hedgerley Dean. Police-constable Chambers was the first to arrive at the rendezvous, and he was surprised to find a light burning in a room upon the ground floor of Mr. Goddard's house. Looking through the window the policeman saw a stranger ransacking the place, very coolly sorting a large number of articles, and packing them in the most convenient form for removal. The next to arrive was Police-constable Manealy, and he posted himself in the rear of the premises, while Chambers continued his observations in front. It was fully an hour before the man inside had got the things packed to his satisfaction, and then he gently dropped a large bundle out of the window. The man proceeded to make his exit in the same manner, and when he reached the ground he found himself in the grasp of Chambers. So astonished was the burglar at his unsuspected position that he bawled "Murder!" over and over again, and appeared terrified out of his wits. The noise brought the other policemen to Chambers's assistance, and the burglar was conveyed to the Slough Police-station.

THE following extraordinary facts with reference to carbuncular eruption in cows, must be read with interest by breeders of stock:—"Several cows have died very suddenly on a farm near Kenmare, another, on exhibiting symptoms of the disease, was at once killed. A man who ate part of the animal's flesh died after a short but severe illness; and several persons who used the flesh were affected more or less severely. The butcher who 'dressed' the animal had one arm—that which had come in contact with the viscera of the animal—swollen and covered with a pustular eruption. A dog which had lapped up some of the animal's blood, and a pig to which some of the offal had been given, speedily died. There was considerable alarm occasioned in the locality on the foregoing circumstances becoming known, and it was generally surmised that the cows had been poisoned. The viscera of two of the animals were sent to Dublin, and one portion was examined by Professor Cameron, who found that no poison was present. Professor Ferguson experimented on another portion, which he found acted as an immediate poison on dogs. Professor Ferguson, on further investigating the matter, came to the conclusion that the cows in question had died from a severe form of blood disease—carbuncular fever—a malady which renders the animal's flesh poisonous. There is reason to believe that this disease is by no means uncommon in Ireland. Indeed, a professional authority suggests that the recent cases of 'black death' might have been, perhaps, the result of eating the flesh of animals killed whilst suffering from carbuncular fever—the two maladies strikingly resembling each other."

METROPOLITAN.

WE have been asked why the Thames is a sickly stream? and told, because it is confined to its bed.

MR. W. H. COLLINGRIDGE has presented 100 guineas towards a fund for enlarging the Printers' Almshouses at Wood Green, on condition that £900 more be raised to complete the sum required. The extension is greatly needed, since the old buildings are full, and there are many worthy applicants for admission.

AN appeal to public sympathy has been made by some of the parochial officials of Camberwell. The Poor Law Board having disallowed the charge of £150 for refreshments consumed during the recent re-assessment of the parish, and the churchwardens and overseers being required to pay the amount, it is announced that subscriptions in aid will be received at the vestry hall.

ON Monday the following provision in the amended Companies Act came into force:—"A company shall on the application of the transferee of any share or interest in the company enter in its register of members the name of the transferee of such share or interest in the same manner and subject to the same conditions as if the application for such entry had been made by the transferee."

THE new counter organisation of the master tailors to that of the operatives of Scotland seems to be making rapid progress in Strathmore. Last week a deputation from Blairgowrie visited Montrose when the whole of the employers joined the association. A meeting of the masters of Alyth, Blairgowrie, Coupar Angus, and those residing in the district, is to be held in the latter place for the purpose of taking means for getting the new time state, ment adopted.

MR. WALKER, the watchmaker, of Cornhill, whose premises were recently ransacked by the Casley gang, has received a letter from the convict Casley, dated from his *locus penitentiae* in Fremantle, Western Australia, in which that worthy announces that he has completed the draft for the model of a safe which he considers to be thoroughly thief-proof, and which, with touching candour, he begs to place at the disposal of Mr. Walker, as some compensation for the injury he had formerly suffered at his hands.

THE sensational paragraphs and articles which have been published in most of the metropolitan journals as to the dangerous character of the atmosphere of the Underground Railway appear to have rendered some scientific examination requisite. Mr. Myles Fenton, the manager, accordingly writes to say that the directors have appointed three medical gentlemen of high standing a commission for that purpose. In the meantime, Mr. Fenton states that at the present moment none of the men are on the sick list, and that the average rate of sickness amongst the servants employed on the Underground Railway is less than that on the Great Western.

WE understand that a house (No. 17, Savile-row) has been taken for the temporary accommodation of the University of London, at present lodged in the east wing of Burlington House. It is expected that the University will remove at Michaelmas, after which the work of demolition will commence to clear the ground for the new buildings in which the Royal Society and some other Societies are to be located. The rear of the new building for the University is now up to a level with the roofs of the houses in Burlington-gardens, and as the masons have resumed work on the facade, we may presume that the vexed question as to style has been settled. The new galleries for the Royal Academy are rising higher and higher, with solid and well-built walls, and give good reason to infer that the stipulation requiring their roofing-in by Christmas will be complied with.

AN alarming occurrence took place at Chatham Dockyard at an early hour on Saturday morning. The large caisson at the entrance to the 4th Dock, in which H.M.S. Beacon is preparing for sea, suddenly burst, without having given any previous indications of weakness. The results were most disastrous, the tide, which was unusually high, rushing into the dock with terrific force, lifting the Beacon completely out of the water and causing considerable damage to that vessel, which was thrown on her beam ends and filled with water. One of her screw shafts was broken off, and the other much injured, while the vessel is believed to have sustained other serious injuries. The caisson, which has been in use upwards of forty years, was believed to be in sound condition, and the cause of the accident is inexplicable. Several hundred workmen are employed repairing the damage to the ship and dock.

IN a certain pleasant town in the county of Surrey there is a cricket-ground nearly surrounded by houses. One fine morning last week, just after a great match had been played, the secretary of the club received a letter from a lady "of a certain age," the proprietor of one of the adjacent houses, declaring that her delicacy had repeatedly been affronted by the sight of gentlemen in "every stage of nudity," putting on their cricketing flannels in the open dressing tent just before her window. Would the secretary, therefore, she entreated, make arrangements for riding her of this disgusting spectacle? The secretary of the club is the pink of politeness. He wrote a deprecating and apologetic note to Miss Fieffe, and at next day the dressing tent was placed at the opposite corner of the cricket-ground, at least 300 yards from the lady's windows. Imagine the secretary's astonishment at receiving, next morning, a second letter, thanking him for his "obviously kind intentions," but regretting that they were of no avail, as she "could see the gentlemen's legs, with a telescope, just as plain as before."

MR. JOH. SMEETON, who has received notice from the Hon. F. W. C. Villiers to leave his farm in Northamptonshire for not paying church rates, has sent to the papers a reply which he has received from the landlord's agent, Mr. Bennett, to his letter of remonstrance. Mr. Bennett writes: "I am requested by the Hon. Frederick Villiers to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 19th and 26th ult., with reference to the notice to quit the sixty-two acres of grass land which you hold under him. I am directed to say that you occupied the land under an obligation to pay the church rates; that as long as these rates remain a legal charge Mr. Villiers cannot, as a magistrate and landlord, allow any tenant of his to set the law at defiance. The churchwardens were only acting in execution of their duty when they called upon you for the rate which you refused. Mr. Villiers cannot see in your letters any reason to retract his notice to quit. If you think proper to send this correspondence to the papers, I request you to publish this letter with the others." In a final rejoinder Mr. Smeeton begs Mr. Villiers to understand that he does not ask him to retract the notice to quit.

ON the 28th ult. an accident occurred in one of the Monkland Iron and Steel Company's new pits on the estate of Jannockside, in the parish of Bothwell, whereby two men were deprived of life, and another injured severely. It appears that three sinkers, named respectively Daniel Orracher, Peter Colvin, and David Eggaltan, had descended the pit, which is in course of sinking, and only about sixteen fathoms deep, and prepared three shots for blasting a large mass of stone. All being apparently in readiness, the unfortunate men took their places on the edge of the "kettle," or iron bucket, and firing the match, gave the usual signal to the engineman to be hoisted to the surface; but just as the kettle had left the bottom of the pit, one of the shots went off with a terrific explosion, scattering the debris in every direction. Orracher and Colvin, losing hold of the chains of the kettle, were precipitated to the bottom of the workings, while Eggaltan fell into the kettle, and escaped with a few slight bruises on the head and legs. The kettle continued to ascend to the pit's mouth with its stunned and almost unconscious occupant, when another terrific report was heard, the remaining fuses having ignited the powder. Orracher and Colvin were both killed by the explosion.

PROVINCIAL.

DURING the sunny days of the past week, Sarah Youdale, well known as the "Queen of Borrowdale," at the advanced age of 97, might have been seen busily engaged haymaking on the estate of Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Rothwade. The "Queen," although able to do a pretty fair day's work, thinks "she isn't as good as she was yance."

THE three men charged with the robbery and murder of a labourer named Bradberry, at Luton, on the 4th July, were finally examined before the magistrates on Saturday, and fully committed for trial on the capital charge. They all stoutly assert their innocence; and it is only fair to add that the evidence against them is scarcely of that positive character which juries invariably require in cases of murder.

THE *Cornwall Journal*, in recording the incidents of a choral festival held in St. David's Church in that town, says:—"There was a large attendance of the clergy, who, attired in their surplices, sat on the right-hand side of the common realms, which had been most tastefully decorated." To save ritualistic curates from the trouble of searching, though "the directorium" for this new clerical position we suggest that "common realms" is a misprint for "common rails."

A MOVEMENT has been begun to provide funds in order to start the notorious Yorkshireman Flint Jack in a fair way of life, on his release from gaol in March next. Mr. Monkman, of Malton, Charles Dickens, and the Christian Knowledge Society, have each published memoirs of this strange individual, and now the subject is taken up by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., the editor of the *Library of Winster Hall*, Matlock. Mr. Jewitt says "Flint Jack" (Edward Simpson, of Sleights, Whitby) has caused some noise in the world of antiquities and geology, as the very prince of fabricators of antiques. Flints of every form, celts, stone, hammers, ancient pottery, inscribed stones, fibulae, guerues, armour, and every conceivable and inconceivable thing—whose productions have taken in the most learned, and are to be found in the cabinets of the collector everywhere. He has made more dupes than any other man, but antiquaries owe him a debt of gratitude for opening their eyes to deception, and for showing them how a lost art may be restored. Simpson (Flint Jack) is now in Bedford Gaol for two small thefts committed while in a state of intoxication. His time will be up in March next, when it is desired to have a fund ready to assist this clever, remarkable, intelligent, and talented wanderer, in the hope that he will turn his talents into a better and more honourable channel.

JUST before the close of the session, the Rev. F. O. Morris, rector of Nunburnholme, petitioned Parliament, praying that a heavy tax be imposed on the possession of a gun, pistols being amply sufficient for all purposes of protection, and that the law of trespass be made more stringent with the like object in view, the protection, within due bounds, of each and all our native birds. Mr. Morris sets out the following among other reasons:—"That birds perform a most useful part in the economy of nature; that if they are unduly destroyed insects increase in similar proportion, and do vast damage to the produce of both farms and gardens; that birds are ornamental as well as useful, and give great pleasure and instruction to naturalists and others who observe their habits; that owing to the indiscriminate and untaxed use of guns they are recklessly destroyed in great numbers every year; that many important and useful species have in this way already become extinct in Great Britain, and that others have become more or less rare, and will in like manner be exterminated if some means for their protection and preservation be not adopted. That in the year 1864 your petitioner published a suggestion that there should be a tax laid on guns for this object, and that such tax would bring in a very large revenue to the exchequer. That its enactment would at the same time do away with the vast amount of poaching; that it would be the means of saving many lives, which at present are sacrificed every year by the incautious use of firearms in every one's hands *ad libitum*, as well as otherwise."

SHOCKING MURDER.

A PECULIARLY shocking murder was committed on Tuesday. It appears that for some time past a man named Louis Bordier, aged thirty-five, a native of France, and by trade a carrier, has resided at No. 3, Millstead-terrace, Church-street, Old Kent-road. The house, which is one of six rooms, was rented by a Mrs. Caroline Snow, and let out by her in apartments. The front and back parlours were occupied by Louis Bordier and a young woman named Emma Snow (the niece of the landlady), who had cohabited with him, and by whom he had had three children. Bordier and the young woman and children went to bed on Monday night shortly before ten o'clock. About five o'clock in the morning the man got out of bed, and in doing so awoke the woman. She said, "It's too soon to get up yet. Come to bed again." After a short time the man went to bed again, and the woman fell asleep. About six o'clock she was awake by feeling a hand grasp her tightly by the head, and on looking up she saw Bordier with a knife in his right hand. He pulled back her head, and drew the knife across her throat. She struggled with him, and managed to get out of the room into the passage. She then put her hands up to her throat, which she tightly grasped, and made her way up some twenty stairs to the room occupied by Mrs. Snow. She awoke Mrs. Snow, who got up and gave an alarm, and messengers were sent off to various medical gentlemen and to the police-station. When the police arrived the poor woman was dead. Bordier afterwards went upstairs, and in answer to Mrs. Snow said, "I have done it. I could not help it, for I could not part from her." The police then made a search, and on going into the front parlour where Bordier and the unfortunate woman had slept, they found on the floor, covered with blood, a large sharp knife such as would be used by a carrier in his trade. The bed-clothes were stained with blood, marks of which were about the floor, along the passage, and up the stairs to the room where deceased had managed to get after the injury had been inflicted. Some letters written in French, addressed to prisoner's brother, stating his intention to commit the murder and kill the children and himself also, were found. It seems further that although the man and his victim had been on very good terms for a long time, yet owing to some quarrel between them she had threatened to leave him, and went so far as to give him a week's notice. From the statement made by one of the children, a girl about ten years of age, it seems that Bordier, after cutting the woman's throat, passed into the back parlour. He stooped down over the bed where the child was lying, and seizing her by the throat pushed her head back and looked her full in the face. After remaining in this position a few moments, he suddenly threw her back and said, "Lie down again." At that time he held one hand behind him from which she noticed the handle of a knife. He did not touch her or say another word, but left the room. No doubt from this Bordier intended to have destroyed the child, but at the last moment relented. On being questioned by the police the man, who did not at first seem distressed in mind, or to feel the dreadful position in which he was placed, said, "Yes, I did it, and the knife is the one you have got that I did it with." He then begged to be taken to see the woman before they took him away. This was done and on the way upstairs prisoner said he hoped she would not live. The prisoner, in the custody of the police, was then removed to Peckham station, and from there to Lambeth Police-court, from whence he was, after being examined, remanded.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

It is said that General Menabrea is going to London. It is also stated that M. Rattazzi has refused his sanction to the negotiations just entered into at Berlin between General Cugia, the Italian Minister of War, and Count Bismarck.

It is stated that the French Government, in order to cement again the alliance with Italy, would have no objection that the provinces of Viterbo, Frosinone, and Velletri should be taken from the Pope. His Holiness would then possess only Rome and its suburbs.

OFFICIAL despatches published at Madrid announce that the insurrection in Arragon and Catalonia is at an end; that the rumoured movement at Vigo is false; and that the rest of the country is perfectly tranquil. It is not added that the state of siege anywhere has yet been raised.

MR. FREDERICK JONES, of Boston, has given 15,000 dollars to the trustees of the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts—the money to be used in paying for the services of a teacher of elocution—that being the thing to which the Yankee divinity student pays least attention.

THE church at Saint-Pé-Saint-Simon, France, has been devastated by lightning. The electric fluid struck the clock tower, and, although leaving the bell hanging, rent the foundation; descending into the church it tore up the flooring, destroyed the windows and several paintings, flattened a tin vessel on the high altar, and drove in the door of the tabernacle; thence it went to a side altar and mutilated a figure of the Virgin. The edifice has been so much injured as to be no longer fit for divine worship.

M. SCHNEIDER, President of the Corps Législatif and head of the iron-works at Creusot, in France, has presented to the British Government a complete set of the illustrations of the system of primary instruction carried on in the schools attached to his work. In these schools upwards of 4,000 children are educated, and the system appears to be far more comprehensive and complete than in any similar school in England. It is at these works that a large number of the locomotives for the Great Eastern Railway is manufactured, and thence imported into England.

TWENTY-ONE of the artisans chosen by the council of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce to visit the Paris Exhibition, in accordance with the scheme of the Society of Arts, started on Saturday morning, in charge of Mr. W. C. Aitken, a gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with all branches of iron and metal work, and who will assist the artisans to obtain admission to the most notable manufactories in Paris. Four other artisans—making, with the twenty-one already gone, the whole number selected to visit the Exhibition—started on Monday morning.

ON the 30th ult., Dennis Hickey, one of the crew of Her Majesty's ship *Lizard*, stationed at Montrose, had been on leave for a few hours, and on his return missed the way and fell into the dock. The night was pitchy dark, but the splash being heard by two men who happened to be near, they went to the spot, and by means of a boat-hook held him up until a boat could arrive. Although only ten minutes in the water, all attempts at resuscitation failed. Deceased was about 50 years of age, had been twelve years cook on board the *Lizard*, and leaves a widow and one child. He was seen just before the accident, and was then quite sober.

ONE of the Radical Congressmen just elected in Tennessee is a person named Mullins, who is destined to furnish material for many paragraphs in the future. Mullins is a blacksmith. He is just able to read, but in drawing his pay as Congressman he will be compelled to make "his mark" as a signature to receipts. About every other word that he utters is an oath. As a fountain of profanity and slang he surpasses Brownlow. He will talk in Congress precisely as he talks in the rum-shop at home, and, as he is leather-lunged, he will swear down all opposition, even the volleys from the Speaker's gavel.

IN Chicopee, Massachusetts, a small civil war exists. The sale of liquor is by law prohibited in Massachusetts. Nevertheless, the law is defied, a greater quantity of liquor is consumed now than ever before. It is made the duty of the deputy state constables to seize all spirituous liquors that may be exposed for sale. In Chicopee two weeks since a mob attacked a deputy who had seized some ale. The officer, badly beaten, was driven out of the town. Last week he ventured to make another seizure. He brought with him a force of special constables. A fight took place. The barns of the deputy were burned. Reinforcements, in all fifty men, were sent from Boston. The town is now held by the imported police, but the bad feeling continues.

ON returning from his recent journey to Lille, the Emperor of the French and his Imperial Consort passed through the city of Amiens, where, as usual, on the occasion of such progresses, the municipality, through their mayor, presented their Majesties with a congratulatory address. In his reply, the Emperor expressed the gratitude he felt for the heartiness and sincerity of the reception he had everywhere met with, from which he argued that the confidence reposed in him by the French people during the last twenty years remained unabated, and that they correctly appreciated the difficulties he had had to overcome. Touching on the policy of the Mexican expedition, he frankly admitted its ill success, which, however, had not dimmed the lustre of the French arms, for they throughout had been victorious. Then, glancing at affairs in Germany, the Imperial speaker observed, that in the midst of all the events which had transpired there France still maintained a calm and dignified attitude, and relied with justice on the continuance of peace.

IN Texas, in several of the civil courts, cases have been tried before juries composed wholly of negroes. The intelligence of these juries may be judged by an anecdote. A negro in Bexar had committed an assault on a brother-freedman. The offender was arrested and brought before a justice of the peace, who summoned a jury of six (as by municipal law he was permitted to do) to try the case. The testimony having been given, the jury was returned, under instruction to "find a verdict according to the evidence." After an absence of an hour the foreman returned, and said "Mr. Court, We be lukked up de chimney and in ebbery crack and under de floosh, and by goww we can't find noddin' jukks like a wordick." Explanations ensued and Samba retired. In a few minutes the foreman returned and asked "Lukked de Mr. Court, isn't I de foreman of this jury?" The Court replied in the affirmative. "Well, den, I told dem cusses so, and dat they must gree as I said, and dey won't do it? Musen't dey do it, Mr. Court?" At last the counsel in the case were sent to the jury to explain the circumstances, and a "wordick" was ultimately obtained.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1851. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

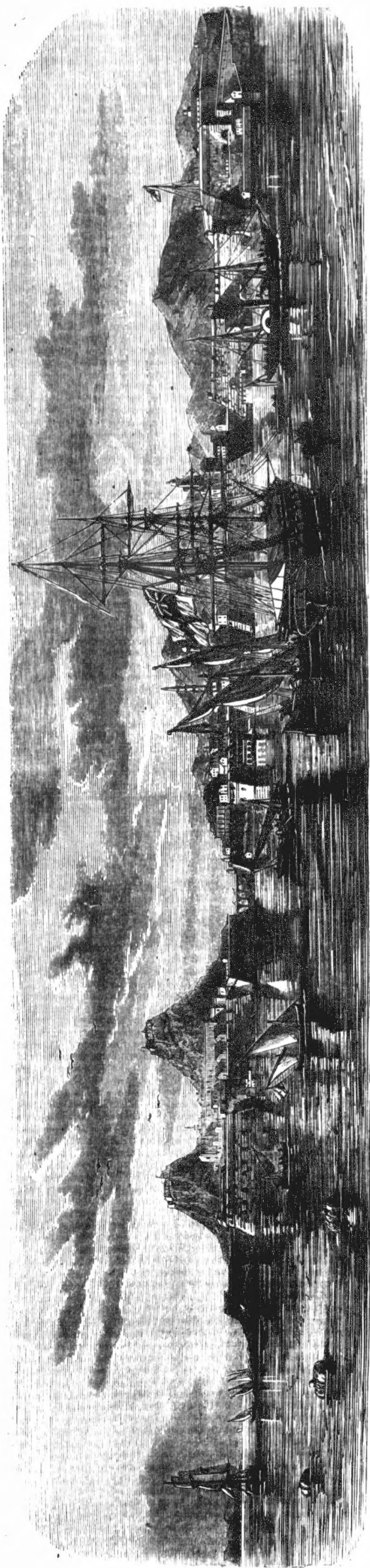
HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mrs. Scott-Siddons re-appeared at this theatre on Monday night, and commenced a brief series of performances with *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," a character which some months since she made her first appearance to a London audience, with what success need not be dwelt upon here. Enough to say just now that Mrs. Scott-Siddons made a most favourable impression, and that she gained many new admirers for her delineation of a character by no means the easiest in the Shakespearian repertory. She was supported in the principal parts by Mr. Rogers as the Duke, Mr. Howe as Jacques, Mr. Kendal as Orlando, Mr. Chippendale as Adam, Mr. Weathersby as Amiens, Mr. Clarke as William, Mr. Compton as Touchstone; Miss F. Wright as Syrius, Miss Ione Burke as Celia, Miss Dalton as Phoebe, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam as Audrey. After a few performances of *Rosalind* Mrs. Scott-Siddons is announced to appear as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Vining commenced the autumn season at this theatre on Monday evening with the highly-popular drama of "The Streets of London," which, on the occasion of its first production, ran for upwards of 200 successive nights. "The Streets of London" will doubtless fill the house nightly until the 14th instant, when Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault are to make their appearance in "Arrah na Pogue."

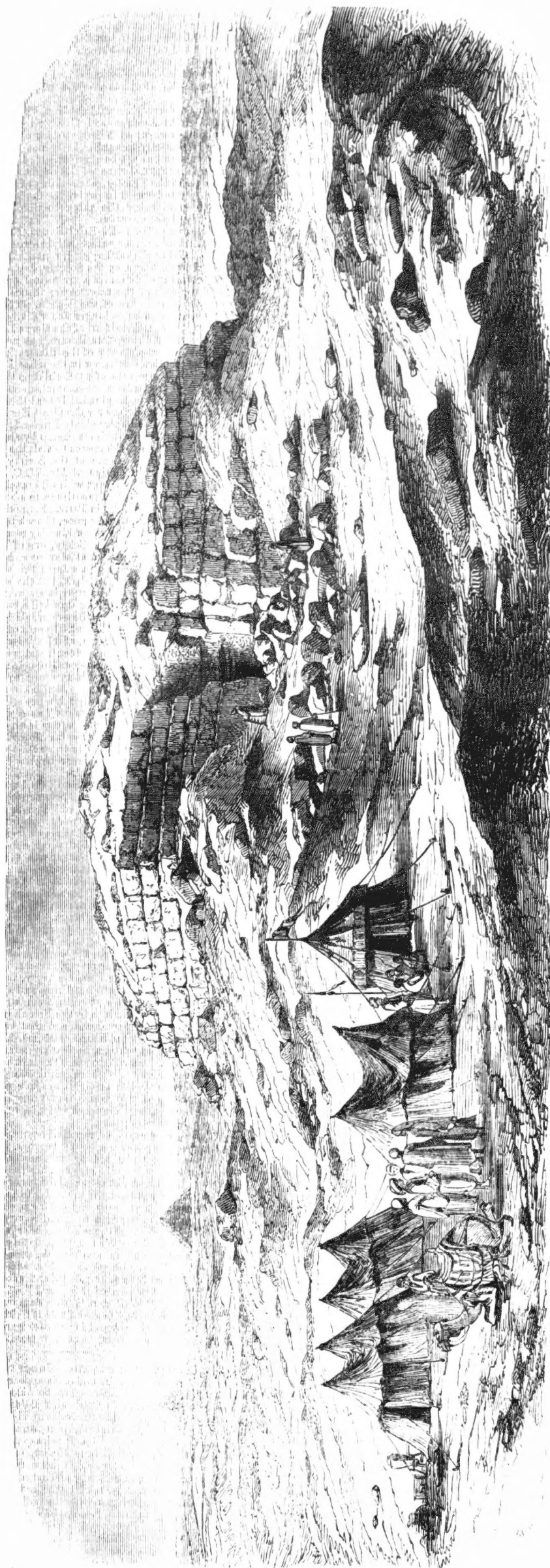
ADELPHI THEATRE.—After a brief but remarkably successful career, Miss Kate Terry took her farewell of the London public on Saturday night, in the character of Juliet. It may scarcely be just to apply the word brief to a professional experience which commenced in childhood, and which ends before the actress has reached the maturity of her powers. Miss Terry possessed gifts which marked her out as the most promising artist of her day. Her style lacked those attributes of vividness and of passion which have been displayed by the greatest of her predecessors. She never showed extraordinary force, but she has given evidence of great subtlety and quickness of perception, of high intelligence and earnestness, of a womanly feeling, always tender and graceful, if seldom very intense. And her whole appearance and manner were in perfect keeping with these qualities. Her *physique* rendered her unequal to situations requiring commanding energy; withering scorn, lofty indignation, or uncontrollable rage, she could not delineate. But in passages where tenderness and pathos, or animation and youthful grace, were required she has seldom been surpassed. Few have had a more remarkable power of facial expression within the range of the lighter and softer emotions. It is unquestionably to be regretted that an actress so gifted should leave the stage before she had fully realised the expectations of playgoers. In a short time Miss Terry might have corrected whatever faults impartial critics have been able to find in her performance—especially an extreme self-consciousness and in more trying situations a painful want of repose. Those who have spoken of her most warmly have described her rather as she might be than as she is. All the characteristics of her style are most advantageously exhibited in "Romeo and Juliet," which was wisely chosen for her last appearance. The girlishness and grace of Juliet, the depth of innocent love and overmastering grief, were admirably portrayed, and although there were scenes in which the actress could not approach the fervour and intensity which Miss Faucit's delineation of the part exhibited in former years, the whole impersonation was careful, earnest, consistent, and intelligent. The theatre was crowded before seven o'clock, and at a later hour the members of the orchestra were obliged to abandon their seats and retire behind the scenes. Much enthusiasm was displayed, and now and then the applause was so loud as to interfere slightly with the progress of the piece. The "house" was determined to see no fault in the performance. After the curtain fell Miss Terry three times appeared in obedience to calls that could not be denied; and finally addressing the audience, said, "I wish I could express my feelings, but I can only thank you for your great kindness to me during my professional career." It may be mentioned that "Romeo and Juliet" was preceded by a musical drama, "The Baronet Abroad," in which Miss Roden, a graceful and pleasing actress, represented the heroine with much taste and vivacity.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" will have a new life by the great triumph achieved last week, in the setting of the poem, by a young and almost unknown composer. The name of John Barnett, of "Mountain Sylph" operatic fame, is well known in our musical annals, and it is his nephew, John Francis Barnett, a pianist recognised within the narrow limits of the defunct Musical Society of London, who in one night finds himself famous through the fiat of a Birmingham Festival auditor, which filled to overflow the Town Hall. Three encores and two special recalls of the composer to the orchestral platform at the close of the cantata are evidence enough of the unequivocal expression of public opinion, but this judgment was fully confirmed by connoisseurs, artists, and amateurs, collected in localities where free and frank opinions find vent. It is long, indeed, since any new work has met with more unanimity of praise, qualified naturally more or less by the views entertained of music, whether the divine art is to be regarded mathematically or poetically, or both. Now it may at once be admitted that those who regard the "Ancient Mariner" from the loftiest pinnacle of profundity—*les extrêmes se touchent*—music may be high or low, broad or narrow, and to be enormously deep is sometimes looked upon as being exceedingly elevated—may dismiss the cantata as not being heavily shotted enough, especially as there is a ship in question, but the admirers of art in its widest form, and not in its sectarian spirit, will listen to the genial and fanciful music set to a noble poem with much interest and some excitement, and will rise from the hearing of the first production of a young aspirant for musical honours with the conviction that a new talent has appeared with a brilliant future before him, if not spoiled with success. The composer has arranged his own book, and has done the *libretto* with tact and discretion. He had to reduce the seven parts, into which the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" is divided, into a connected whole, to be brought within the space of about an hour and a half. The curtailments have been judiciously made. In seventeen numbers Mr. J. F. Barnett has contrived to select the verses best adapted for a coherent cantata. The "Ancient Mariner" will inevitably lead to other compositions from Mr. J. F. Barnett. He can write so fluently, agreeably, and smoothly—so melodiously without—that it was really quite a relief to listen to his cantata, free as it is from the pretentious bombast and crudities of the second-hand Wagnerites and Meyerbeerites. It is something gained for art, to acquire a young composer who has studied in Germany, and yet is free from all taint of modern ugliness and disagreeable distortions. He will have to be more careful, in future works, of not overtaxing the registers of his singers, and he must also not expect that the instrumentalists can comfortably get out of their range. He has charmingly set a fascinating poem in romantic rather than profound style. The very notion of treating Coleridge's work evinces self-reliance which has not been found misplaced, for the music is spirited, and often impressive.

A GOOD CRUSADE.—Captain Hastings, the chief constable of Surrey, has commenced a crusade against the bakers of that county, and a large number of summonses has been taken out at the instance of the police against persons selling bread otherwise than by weight. Many convictions have resulted, the fines imposed generally ranging from 2s. 6d. to £1. There was usually found to be a deficiency of from 3oz. to 1oz. on the 1lb. loaf.



THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU.



THE TOMB OF MASTABAT-EL-FARAOUN.

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TOUCHING!

THERE is something not a little sad and touching in the account of the attempt at suicide made by John Hannant in a wretched court in Southwark, and investigated at the police-office a day or two ago. It brings before one, as such things in fact are brought before one again and again, the terrible meaning of the phrase, "work is very slack," to those who have to live from hand to mouth on daily wages, with wife and young children to feed, and clothe, and shelter. Hannant is a tin-man, has been married fourteen years, has several children, the youngest little more than a twelvemonth old, and has always been a good husband and a good father. But for some time past "work has been slack," and it has gone hard with many of the most industrious. So the little savings were gradually exhausted in keeping the children and paying the rent, while the increasing distress preyed more and more upon the poor man's mind as the months went by and the demands of the tin-working trade showed no signs of improvement. At last, under one unexpected loss, he gave way altogether. He had earned a sovereign and lost it out of his pocket. The fatal poison, too, was at hand, chloride of zinc being a drug in use in his trade. So, in his despair, he drank a quantity, happily was found by his wife before his agonies ended in death, and was taken at once to the hospital, where he recovered—so far at least that he did not die. Then he was taken up by the police on the criminal charge of attempted suicide, and at present he lies ill in the infirmary of the gaol to await the orthodox reprimand with which English law visits the offence of what it calls "attempted self-murder." And on the same day on which Hannant was brought before the police magistrate another man was charged at the same office for cutting his own throat, ineffectually as far as death was concerned. But it was not starvation but habitual drunkenness which excited the second man. He had been drunk for a whole week, and this was his work in his frenzy. Such are some of the phenomena of the life of the unknown multitude in London.

THE TOMB OF MASTABAT-EL-FARAOON.

THE Mastabat-el-Faraoon is an immense block of buildings situated several miles to the south of the Great Pyramids in Egypt. The height of the structure is about 120 feet, resting on a very extensive foundation. The entire pile is said to measure 600,000 cubic feet of stone. It has naturally excited the wonder and curiosity of travellers. Many attempts were made to penetrate into the interior of this peculiar structure, but without success, until towards the close of 1857 M. Mariette, an enterprising traveller, visited Egypt. He set some 150 men to hammer at the building, and after labouring for several months there, and—towards the beginning of 1858—discovered what had once been a doorway. On entering the building it was found to be, by hieroglyphic marks inscribed in the interior, the tomb of an ancient king called Ounaz, who reigned, it is said, about a thousand years anterior to the time of Abraham. The interior, like the exterior, as represented in our engraving, consists of rough blocks of granite, similar to the pyramids and tombs for which Egypt is nearly as much distinguished as for its wonderful river—the Nile.



THE CLOCK TOWER, WARWICK CASTLE.

THE CLOCK TOWER OF WARWICK CASTLE.

WE have already given a full account in these pages of the famous old castle of Warwick; an engraving of the Clock Tower of which we herewith present our readers. The castle retains much of its ancient grandeur of appearance, and, uninjured by time, presents an interesting memorial of bygone days. Its foundation is attributed to Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, in 915; but no authentic trace now remains of the ancient building.

THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU.

WE this week give a view of the Town and Citadel of Corfu, the first in rank and the second in size of the Ionian Islands. It is of very irregular figure, about fifteen miles in length and eight miles across at its widest part. The interior, as represented in our engraving, is mountainous. The town of Corfu, the capital of the Ionian Republic and the see of an Archbishop, is situated on the eastern shore of the island, at the foot of a promontory terminating in a remarkable double rock, upon which the citadel is built. The town is walled and has been strongly fortified, so as to be capable of being rendered nearly impregnable. Internally it is ill built, and in proportion to its size one of the meanest in construction around the Mediterranean, and, like the towns in that vicinity, miserably dirty. It contains about 17,000 inhabitants. A University has been established there under the auspices of the British Government.

GARIBALDI has gone to Geneva, to be present at the International Peace Congress.

MOSSOO.

AT a Norman watering-place, with comparatively few exceptions, Mosssoo by the sea-wave bears a striking resemblance in his garb and outward appearance to a London grocer's assistant going his morning rounds for orders. He dresses not only shabbily but dirtily, and his clothes look as if they had been obtained in exchange for flowers, crockery, and kitchen-stuff. Eccentric individuals however, will now and again turn up. For instance, I have at this moment in my mind's eye a tall, sallow youth, who displays his lanky form in a tight-fitting suit of black with blue stripes, his cap also made of the same material. Then there is an old gentleman who goes about in red flannel jacket; and there are several youngsters who affect a boating or yachting rig, but for all that hug the land most affectionately. But one sees nothing of the horsey element which is so absurdly conspicuous in Paris during the racing season of May and June. Men here do not seem to think it necessary or fascinating to walk about in trousers rigorously tight from the knee downwards, or to carry heavy hunting-whips in their hands, or to wear horse-shoe pins and brooches. So far there is something gained; but why can they not dress quietly and soberly without going to the extreme of dirt and dowdiness? But Frenchmen clearly do not enjoy themselves by the sea-side. Boating is, of course, out of their line, and however fond they may be of the arts in general, they have no special predilection for the "art of equitation." As for walking, they leave that to Englishmen and pedlars, and find exercise enough in moving round the billiard-table. Breakfast over, Mosssoo crawls with a tooth-pick between his teeth to the terrace of the establishment for his *demi-tasse* and dominoes, and for a moment is himself again. Having completed this matutinal ceremony, he lounges on two chairs, and skims the leading articles of the *Constitutionnel* or the *Debats*, reserving his earnest attention for the quotations of the Bourse. When thoroughly master of the latest prices of all kinds of scrip and stock, he adjourns to the card-room to test his skill and luck at boston or bouillotte, écarté or piquet, whist or impériale—morning, noon, and night the billiard-room is open to him. These amusements he must have wherever he goes, but nowhere does he enjoy them in such perfection as in Paris, and he has no resources of his own, nor does he care to improve the shining hours. He will certainly not scramble over the rocks in search of fossils, neither will he wet his shoes to look for shells, nor will he walk two hundred yards at a time in any direction; and, if he can help it, he will not speak to a lady, nor render her any assistance, nor go anywhere near her. But whatever may be alleged against the costumes of the gentlemen, the ladies are most assuredly not amenable to the charge of being indifferent on the subject of dress. Truly Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like the least gorgeous of these graceful beings, rustling in silks and satins, or floating in clouds of muslin and tulle. Instead of the simple, useful work-a-day garb of English girls at any watering-place, save Brighton, you see nothing here but gala dresses, such as one associated with *fetes champêtres* on a grandiose scale. No wonder that there is no scrambling over stones, no reckless tramping over wet sands, no chasing of the wild spray along the shore, no rocking on the long, smooth, swell outside. "By dress ye are saved," is the alpha and omega of a Frenchwoman's profession of faith; and as she centres all idea and hope of enjoyment in her personal appearance, there is nothing more to be said about it.—*Belgravia*.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Covent Garden Concerts — (At Eight). Under the direction of Mr. John Russell.
 HAYMARKET.—As You Like It—To Paris and Back for Five Pounds.—Peter Shonk. Seven.
 PRINCESS.—Poor Pillioddy—(At Eight) The Streets of London. Seven.
 STRAND.—Ripples on the Lake. Eight.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Meg's Diversion — (At Half-past Nine) The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Mrs. White. Half-past Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Horsemanship and Scenes in the Arena. Eight.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Science Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

MARRIAGE IN THE ARMY.

A most important military reform has just been made, though it seems to have excited but little attention outside military circles. We cannot think that the public are indifferent to the welfare of our soldiers, because all are directly concerned in their well being. Hitherto the number of soldiers married with leave has been restricted to the staff-sergeants, to two sergeants per troop or company, and to four of the corporals and privates per troop or company of sixty men, and to six per troop or company of 100 men. The men thus privileged received lodging, fuel, and light, and their wives obtained the washing of the company. The lodging was not much of a boon, being merely a share in a barrack-room occupied by four or five—till lately even more—other married couples and their children. In this room, where the only partitions were blankets or curtains hung up merely during the night, they had to eat, sleep, and the wives even to lie in. As to the sum gained by the washing, it seldom amounted to more than six or seven shillings a week—a poor return for the unremitting toil by which it was earned, and but a small addition to the 6d. a day which was all the husband could generally himself contribute to the family purse. Bad as was the condition of soldiers married with leave, that of those who had not obtained permission was worse. It seemed under the old system that the authorities did all they could to encourage vice. Garrison towns have always enjoyed a distinctive notoriety for immorality. People living in the neighbourhood of barracks have complained of the assiduous attention which Sarah the cook or Jennina Ann the housemaid received from spruce foot soldiers or six-foot-two life-guardsmen. Sarah was never good for anything afterwards, and Jennina Ann spent all her time before the looking-glass, and made a point of drawing her wages in advance. It cannot be wondered at that soldiers avoided the attendant miseries of marriage, though with what results the hospitals can best testify. It would appear almost incredible that 12s. a week was ordinarily the whole means of support of a married couple and three or four children living in a large town, whose provisions were dear, and in a single miserable, unfurnished room not to be obtained under from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a week. But poverty has not been the only evil which the families of our soldiers, whether married with or without leave, have had to contend with. The former, in the crowded married room, deprived of all the requirements of decency, and forced to listen to the ribald oaths and filthy expressions which too frequently distinguish the conversation of young men of the lower classes, especially when brought together in large numbers; and the latter in the scarcely less objectionable lodging-house, rapidly became demoralized, if they were not so before, and rendered the name of a soldier's wife a byword and a reproach. Fancy a respectable girl infected with the scarlet fever, leaving a comfortable, a happy, and a pure home to link her fortunes with those of a private soldier, who, not being allowed to marry her openly, espouses her in private. What is the result? What can it be but misery, degradation, and utter demoralization. All re-

flecting people have long felt convinced that a reform, such as that we have been discussing, would have the best possible result in giving the soldier an increased motive for good behaviour and provident habits, and freeing him from many of the temptations which now fill our hospitals, and swell our invaliding list to an alarming extent. The Government has at last declared its willingness to try the experiment, and an order has just been published, which not only increases the proportion of soldiers allowed to marry, but places both themselves and their families in a very comfortable position. By the new regulation 3 out of 4 or 5, 4 out of 6 or 7, 5 out of 8 or 9, or 6 out of 10 of the sergeants of each troop, company, or battery may be married, in addition to the staff-sergeants. Of the corporals, privates, &c., 7 per cent. are allowed to be married. When possible each family is to have a separate room, and fuel, light, and rations for wives and children, are to be provided at the expense of the country. To this boon there are attached certain conditions, which are, we venture to think, of a most wholesome nature. These are that no man shall be placed on the marriage-roll until he has completed seven years' service, is in possession of at least one good conduct badge, and has obtained the consent of his commanding officer previous to marriage. Soldiers' wives have no part in the contract between the soldier and the State; and soldiers' marriages involve an expenditure of public money for which there is no direct return. Moreover, married soldiers are in many respects a serious encumbrance to the regiment. A place on the marriage-roll is therefore a mere matter of favour, and Government has a perfect right to dictate the terms on which the favour shall be granted. There is, indeed, little hardship in withholding permission to marry till a man is about 25 to 27; but if there were, Government might fairly say, "You shall only obtain the advantages of a married soldier by submitting to such restrictions as will give the country an indirect compensation for the inconvenience and expense you are about to cause." This compensation, though indirect, is by no means inconsiderable. By the new regulation a premium is given to good conduct on the part of the soldier, and a discouragement is offered to early marriages, while permission to marry is accompanied by such advantages that respectable girls will begin to look on a soldier as rather a good match than otherwise. Thus, a better class of women will be introduced into the military community, and not only will they exercise a most humanising influence on those around them, they will also be of great use to the regiment in many little branches of female industry. Enforced celibacy must be bad. Woman is admitted to be a great civilizer, and the soldier is not so polished an individual as to be able to dispense with a helpmate who will soften his manners, and by her cheerful advice and friendly counsel, keep him clear of the black-hole and the halberds. It would appear that a new era is commencing for the British soldier, and that the condition of a "warrior's bride" may be thought desirable by stern parents as well as those foolish virgins to whom Dan Cupid is a will-o'-the-wisp, and the future a thing not worth five minutes' serious consideration. Raise a man in his own estimation and he rises in the social scale; nothing is so fatal as self-depreciation, and we venture to predict that under the new regulations the soldier will grumble less, and thank the Government for conferring upon him a real blessing, which, the longer he serves, the more he will be able to appreciate.

THE CHAUSSEY ISLANDS, ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

Those who have visited, or are on the point of visiting, the Paris Exhibition, will perhaps like to be reminded of various places of interest on the opposite coast, such as Dieppe, Havre, Cherbourg, and Rouen, the latter the capital of the Duchy of Normandy. On the east are several groups of islands, amongst which are the Chausey, shown in the engraving on page 489. The most important of them are known as the Great Isle, the Ensign, the Huguonons, the Isle of Birds, and Corbiere. They are picturesque enough, but highly dangerous to approach in stormy weather, as may be noted from their rocky landmarks and light-houses.

VIEW OF TORONTO.

Toronto is decidedly the chief and show city of Western Canada. It stands on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, towards its upper extremity. In the year 1793 one General Simcoe founded the town, then called Little York. In 1813, the Americans burnt it, and, on its being rebuilt, it received the name of Toronto, its Indian appellation, signifying "place of meeting." It has an excellent harbour, as will be seen from our illustration. It is a handsome town, with well laid out streets, with many spacious and noble buildings. The bay is nearly circular, and about a mile and a half across. It has a considerable depth of water, and affords extensive and safe anchorage ground.

SNAILS & OYSTERS.—Mr. M. S. Lovell, in "The Edible Mollusks of Great Britain and Ireland," gives the following receipt for cooking snails, which, during the present oyster famine, may be acceptable to some enterprising epicure:—"Put some water into a saucepan, and when it begins to boil throw in the snails and let them boil a quarter of an hour; then take them out of their shells, wash them several times, taking care to cleanse them thoroughly, place them in clean water, and boil them again for a quarter of an hour; then take them out, rinse them, dry them, and place them in a frying-pan and fry them for a few minutes, sufficient to brown them; serve with piquante sauce. Snails fed on vine leaves are the most esteemed."

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.—It is important to note in connection with the "temporary" Mont Cenis Railway that, in a great number of places where accumulations of snow are apprehended during the winter months, the rails are to be placed under strong galleries of masonry, so as to assure the continuity of the service. This is a most salutary precaution, as it is not very long since the millionaire, Emile Pierre, was snowed up in attempting to cross the mountain. This "temporary" railway will facilitate communication with the East, and when the East Indian and Great Indian Peninsular Railways have effected a junction at Jubulpore, the transit of mails between London and Calcutta will be accelerated by several days.

PUBLIC OPINION.

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SPAIN.

THERE is a general assertion that the next revolution will be directed against the dynasty, and not merely against the Minister of the day, but there is no apparent cause which should induce Spain to abandon the circle of military revolts. The proclamation of a Republic might perhaps excite revolutionary passions which would for a time disturb the predominance of the army; but a democratic revolution would be profoundly distasteful to the Governments of Europe, and especially to France. In the absence of foreign intervention, a Spanish Republic would, after an interval of excitement, become even more completely than the existing Monarchy a military despotism. The Narvaez or O'Donnell of the time would be called President instead of Minister, but the kind of liberty which would be established may be appreciated by the example of the Spanish Republics in America. A Spanish patriot, if such a character is to be found, ought to sustain the Crown, even if it hung on a bush, for it is barely possible that at some future time an hereditary Sovereign may be allied with the people against the adventurers who manipulate the army. If the Monarchy is maintained, there is little to be gained by changing the dynasty, for the descendants of Don Carlos are Bourbons named in the least desirable traditions, and the King of Portugal, though he would be personally preferable, and though he might reunite the whole Peninsula under a single sceptre, would be theoretically a usurper. The Queen, however, seems to be so far alarmed at his contingent pretensions as to have quarrelled publicly with Queen Pia, who was her guest. The daughter of Victor Emmanuel would be almost equally distasteful to Queen Isabella as a possible rival and as an hereditary schismatic. The Duke of Montpensier would no longer be liable to the objection which was formerly raised by the English Government to the establishment in Spain of the reigning dynasty of France; but the Spaniards appear to feel no enthusiasm for the House of Orleans, and a Prince of that family would be exposed to the formidable hostility of the Emperor of the French. The effect of a dynastic revolution is almost always to weaken the Royal power, and the Queen of Spain, although she presides over a despotic Government, is already too weak. As far as foreigners can conjecture, no organic change is likely at present to change the character of Spanish politics.—*Saturday Review*.

THE MERCANTILE EVILS OF IMPERIALISM.

Whatever makes men richer makes them more timid, and the more men fear revolution and spoliation, the better for a decent Government which is in possession and keeps peace in the streets at all events. But though despotism is favourable to property, it kills credit. It brings into politics an incalculable element and makes it supreme. A free nation assisting duly at its own Government often shows its inclinations unmistakably, and can never out of diplomacy disguise them. A person who has lived among them can tell at once what they will think. But no one can pretend to predict with similar accuracy the decisions of single persons, especially of persons who have ever means of hiding what they desire, and often the keenest motive to disguise what they intend. As soon as despotism begins foresight ceases, and where foresight ends all sound business ends too. The whole foreign policy of the Continent is now, and probably for years must be, a confusing element in commerce and in finance, because it depends on secret decisions, which can be foretold by no one, and for a long time after they are made can be known by but a few. And in the interior of a despotic country the effect is worse than outside. The French banking system is childish, or rather looks childish, till you understand the secret dread which dwells in it. A French banker, in answer to all comments upon his timidity, has a single reply. He says, "It is all very well for you to talk in England; but we, in Paris, have revolutions; you were not here in 1818; I was." The Frenchman's theories begin with references to political confusion, which no Englishman dreams of even taking into consideration. In consequence, Paris is not a great money market, and never can be while this uncertain duty lasts. She cannot distribute the savings of France to the activity of France as London distribute our savings to our merchants. She is a great place of pleasure,—she is an inferior place of leading business. The advocates of Imperialism should, therefore, distinctly see what it is which they are advocates of. It is a system which, by concentrating all power in single persons, make the future incalculable, destroys all reliance upon it, and so prevents those who trade from being able to borrow, and those who save from being able to lend.—*Economist*.

NAPOLEON'S POLICY.

The Napoleonic oracle has spoken again, and this time its words are evidently meant to be soothing and pacific. It is not surprising, however, that the speech at Lille should not be quite so reassuring as it was probably intended to be. Confidence is a plant of slow growth, and is more readily depressed than re-magnified. There is as much charity in the idea that confidence can be all at once restored at the bidding of the Emperor, as in the Zouave trumpeter's pretended cure of palsy by an order to rise and walk. Instead of finding fault with the newspapers for exaggerating the situation, the Emperor, if he has the interests of commerce really at heart, had much better have explicitly disavowed the conditional intervention in the affairs of Germany, to which he is understood to have committed himself. If commerce is now paralyzed and the funds continue falling, it is the Emperor's ambiguous and distracting policy which is mainly to blame for it. He "hopes commerce will improve with the certainty of peace," but it was the Salzburg meeting which suggested apprehensions of war. One can understand that Napoleon feels it to be one of the necessities of his position to keep himself constantly before the public; but he must expect to pay the price of that policy in the unpopularity of his people and the suspicions of foreign Powers.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"THE CERTAINTY OF PEACE."

If any verbal assurances whatever can restore confidence in the maintenance of peace, the Emperor Napoleon's speech at Lille ought to do so. And happily all the intelligence reported from Vienna, Berlin, and Copenhagen harmonizes with the Emperor's language. There are Austrian as well as French journals which make it their business to magnify the differences between the two Imperial Governments on the one hand, and the Government of Prussia on the other; but their ominous language only acquires importance when more authentic indications of the disposition of the two Governments are wanting. It appears that the influence of the two Imperial Governments will rather be exerted in favour of peace, France and Austria having resolved to advise Denmark not to insist too obstinately upon terms which would prevent a final settlement of the North Schleswig question. If the Emperor Napoleon is as solicitous as his speech at Lille implies for the steady development of commerce under the guarantee of peace, and will do everything in his power to discourage those who would excite either war, or those incessant apprehensions of danger which are only less mischievous than war, he will certainly order upon Europe the greatest benefit which can be reasonably desired or expected at his hands.—*Daily News*.

THE FRANCO-AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

If the French and Austrian Emperors wished for peace they might very easily have had it. They had only to stay each in his own dominions, and mind his own business. In spite of all the speeches about patriotism and religion, and all the promises that the Emperor must be peaceful because he is so strong, there remains the plain question, Why did the Emperor go to Salzburg? The Prussian papers say very plainly that a sort of challenge had been

given to Prussia and to Germany, and they are quite ready to accept it. Out of this state of things war might grow so easily that it would be much more probable than not that a few months will see the beginning of a campaign, were it not that there is no overt act of defiance which either party can feel itself impelled to take. If France is pacific, Prussia in her turn may be passive. She is not called on in her own defence or for her own honour to violate any article of the treaty of Prague. She does not wish that the States of the South should change their position at present. She much prefers that they should remain outside the Confederation of the North, which already contains many adverse and unreliable, and perhaps even some dangerous, members. Meanwhile the effect in the South of the league between France and Austria can scarcely fail to be favourable to Prussia. The South Germans see clearly before them the choice of being the vassals of France or the allies of Prussia. In this lies the great danger of war—that Prussia is still master of the situation, while France has done nothing on which she can pride herself, and France is thus in a manner defeated by peace. But this is, one may hope, a somewhat remote danger; it is not like the danger, or rather the certainty, of war that would exist if there were some distinct act which Prussia was known to be desirous to do, and which France distinctly forbade her to do. Things may remain quiet until the general feelings of Frenchmen and Germans are a little altered, until internal changes took place in one country or the other, until France can do something in some other quarter to make it evident that she has resumed her proper position. Still the state of things is exceedingly critical, and we must not allow ourselves to be too readily cheered by the pacific speeches of the Emperor.—*Saturday Review*.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

One of the innocents that fell in the massacre at the end of the session was the bill for increasing the number of judges by two, which would, of course, have involved a certain amount of alteration in the present arrangement of the circuits. The bill, however, fell not ingloriously, inasmuch as it was announced that a Commission was to be issued to inquire into the whole subject, and recommend such changes as might be required. We hope that the Commissioners will take an adequate view of the subject, and will try to make a good job for once and for all, instead of merely cobbling and patching arrangements which have been thoroughly outgrown by the progress of events. As we suggested long since, and have shown in detail on several occasions, the best and simplest bit of patchwork that can be devised would consist in adding two new judges to the existing list, cutting the old Northern circuit into an Eastern and a Western division, and reviving the old Midland circuit with the addition of an assize at Birmingham; but this would be a mere device, though probably a useful one, and other devices which might be suggested for the re-arrangement of the circuits with the present staff of judges would only amount to cutting off one end of a blanket to stitch it on to the other end. To alter a circuit inflicts extreme inconvenience and in many cases most serious loss on all the barristers who attend it. It is a matter of indifference to the public at large, and it cannot possibly affect the work of the judges so long as fourteen of them have to try all the causes and all the serious crimes throughout the whole country twice a year. The truth is that a thorough revision of our present judicial arrangements, from the highest to the lowest, is a matter of urgent practical importance, and that it would be no very difficult matter to frame a comprehensive scheme which would amply repay any outlay of trouble or money which it would involve.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON RITUALISM.

The practical unanimity with which the commissioners have arrived at the conclusion embodied in their report is rendered more conspicuous by the nature of the only two reservations which have been added to it. They are much too refined for ordinary apprehension, and are thrown into insignificance by the broad and sweeping statements of the report itself. In fact, they only serve to show that their authors were very unwilling to come to the conclusion which was nevertheless forced upon them by fact and reason. They remind us rather of the wry faces sculptured on the outside of churches, and supposed to symbolize the agonies of restless spirits exorcised from the temples of Christian worship. The Commission is now performing a sort of exorcism over our churches, and there must needs be some to whom the process will be disagreeable. The commissioners have most sensibly abstained from mystifying the public with hair-splitting interpretations of rubrics and canons. They say at once, what all reasonable beings have said from the commencement, that it is not expedient to introduce any change from the long-established usage in this country. The only suggestion as yet offered by the Commission for the attainment of their end displays the same remarkable characteristic. It sounds like a revolution to hear it proposed, by such grave authority, that the processes of ecclesiastical law should be rendered "easy and effectual." If the Commission will complete their task with an equal simplicity and breadth of view, the Ritualists may prove to have been the means of obtaining for us a great deliverance from a variety of ecclesiastical antiquities.—*Times*.

A BRAVE ACTRESS.

MRS. BELLAMY, the actress, in her autobiography, narrates an adventure that befel her on the Dublin stage. She was performing *Cleopatra* to a crowded house, and amid tumultuous applause, when a gentleman who stood near the stage door took the liberty of demonstrating his approval after a very unjustifiable fashion. "Being a little flushed with liquor" (a condition in which it is to be feared the fine gentleman of the last century was too frequently to be found), "or otherwise," says the lady, "I am persuaded he could not have been capable of the rudeness—he put his lips to the back of my neck as I passed him. Justly enraged," she continues, "at so great an insult, and not considering that the Lord Lieutenant was present, or that it was committed before such a number of spectators, I instantly turned about and gave the gentleman a slap in the face." This prompt punishment of the offender seems to have delighted the house. The Earl of Chesterfield, the Lord Lieutenant of the time, rose from his seat clapping his hands, and the whole audience followed his example. The tiny gentleman was compelled to make a public apology, and a regulation was soon afterwards put in force prohibiting the admission behind the scenes of any not connected with the theatre.

ENTRY OF HENRY IV. INTO PARIS.

On Monday, the 15th of September, 1594, Henry IV. made his triumphal entry into Paris as King, not conqueror, and went to mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "He wore a habit of green velvet, embroidered with gold and emeralds. His cap was of green velvet, adorned with the French white plume, fastened by a cluster of diamonds. The collar and star of his order of St. Esprit glistened on his breast. A small cloak of dark-green velvet, ornamented with tassels of *passementerie* gold, completed the Royal costume. Heralds marched before him proclaiming his titles, and his fair Gabrielle was then drawn in a chariot, surrounded by gentlemen on foot, each bearing a torch, which formed a striking feature in the pageant. At the portal of Notre Dame the King was received by the Cardinal Bishop and the clergy, and after 'Extreme Unction' and 'Te Deum,' returned over the Pont Notre Dame precisely at eight o'clock a.m., attended by a magnificent cavalcade. The King's countenance was smiling and affable, and he bowed repeatedly to the vehement acclamations of the people. He had his cap almost always in his hand, in order to salute the ladies, who lounged on the balconies, and waved their handkerchiefs as he passed."

NATATOR, OR THE HUMAN FROG.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND writes as follows to *Land and Water*: "On August the 10th I was invited by Mr. C. N. Adams, the polite and active secretary of Cremorne Gardens, to give some account of the subaqueous performance which is now being exhibited to the visitors at these gardens. A huge human aquarium (for I can call it nothing else) is placed on the stage. It is made of iron, with a plate-glass front, and measures nine feet by five. It contains four tons of water, the depth of water being about six feet. It cost nearly £100. When I arrived, the 'human frog' had just begun his performances, and through the plate-glass I beheld a human form twisting itself round and round with the velocity of a cockchafer on a pin, and looking like a huge jack fighting in his last efforts to get rid of the fatal gorge-bait."

Getting close to the aquarium, I beheld "Natator" go through the following subaqueous performances. Firstly, he stands on his head; his head touches the bottom of the aquarium, his feet at the top, like a couple of huge fishing floats. This is called the "minute trick," and is performed first in order to show the length of time that "Natator" can stay under water.

The "Natator's" second performance is to swim up and down the tank several times—twenty are the most—without coming once to the surface to breathe. He twists himself tight round, and gives a slight push with the feet at each end of the tank, so as to reverse his motion. This is a very difficult trick, inasmuch as the aquarium is not long enough for him to take a full stroke, and he has to stop his force at either end as well as he can. The performance of this feat requires from 40 to 45 seconds under water. Thirdly, "Natator" sits down (tailor fashion) at the bottom of the aquarium, and grins at the people through the plate-glass front. He also opens and shuts his eyes under water, to show that this can be done. He also opens his mouth quite wide under water; this, he tells, is very difficult. Great practice has enabled him to do it, without swallowing a drop of water. He throws out air-bubbles once, and once only; this is necessary to enable him to sink to the bottom of the water. While there he neither emits air-bubbles, nor, being under water (of course), takes a fresh supply of air.

Fourthly, He again descends, and eats, under water, a sponge-cake or a bun. He opens his mouth, to show that he has really swallowed it. It is most difficult to swallow cake under water without also swallowing water. It required three years' practice to do this performance with safety; for if, when under water, he should happen to cough, the water would enter, he would instantly be choked, and a serious accident would ensue.

Fifthly, Ascending to the surface, a soda-water bottle is handed to him; he dives with it to his perch at the bottom, and drinks down the contents—viz: a halfpennyworth of milk; he chooses milk because of the colour, and in order that the audience may see that he actually drinks it from the bottle; this is a most difficult trick, as it is hard to swallow the milk without the water getting it to the mouth.

Sixthly, A lighted pipe is handed to him; he takes a few whiffs above water, and then descends with it; when under water, he manages somehow to keep it alight, and to emit bubbles, which, coming to the surface, burst in little puffs of tobacco smoke. Coming to the surface, he shows that his pipe is still alight.

Seventhly, He does "poses plastiques" under water, placing himself in various attitudes, and then the piano strikes up the tune of "Froggy would a wooing go." The "human frog" dances to the music, frog fashion, at the bottom of the water all the while singing the song. It is very curious to see the bubbles of air from his mouth, rushing up to the surface in greater or less numbers, according to the number of words in the verse of a song, which the spectator should follow in his mind. This would be an interesting study for professors, to see how many bubbles of air were necessary to form an individual word. "Natator" tells me he can hear the piano quite plainly when under water; this was indeed evident, for his bubbles kept time with the music; and he also tells me, that if anybody speaks very loud outside the glass he can hear them plainly. This bears on the question of fish hearing under water; but it must be recollected that a fish's ear is very differently constructed to a human ear. We humans have no otoliths—a peculiar bony structure found in the fish's ear only. This otolith structure is a necessary for hearing under water, for we find that the whale, in other respects, an air-breathing, warm-blooded animal, with a four-chambered heart, has his ear fashioned after the pattern of the ear of a fish.

Eighthly, Natator, swims with a jerking motion like a shrimp p with a steady but sudden rush like a jack, with a lazy, sleepy floating like a hundred year-old carp in the Royal ponds in Virginia Water; and lastly, being apparently seized with a fit of the "merry-go-rounds," performs a series of head-over-heels gyrations round and round, like a man practising upon a pole between bars in a school of gymnastics. He remains in mid-water, without touching the top or bottom of the tank, the whole time, and does not once come to the surface; this might be well called the "porpoise trick." The most number of head-over-heels turns that he performs (and this generally every night) is twenty-four, and he requires about fifty seconds to get through them.

The performance concluded, Natator allowed me to examine him in my medical capacity. He is a young man, twenty years old, 5 feet 7 inches in stature, and 9 stone 6 lbs. in weight; he is lightly built, but exceedingly well made and muscular. His pulse on coming out of the water gave 118 beats to the minute; twenty minutes after they were 92 to the minute. I listened to the lungs and heart, and observed several strange phenomena, showing how wonderfully nature can accommodate the machinery of the heart and lungs in an air-breathing animal (I hope "Natator" will forgive the expression) to long stays in an element only suited for the existence of fish, and other cold-blooded vertebrata, and this without interfering with the good health of the individual. I shall not now enter into particulars of the auscultation, except to state that the breathing with the diaphragm was very marked; but I should be much pleased if Dr. Cotton (whose skill with the stethoscope in cases requiring accurate diagnosis in lung disease is well known) would turn his attention to nature's mode of getting out of a difficulty.

With all his hard and very peculiar work, "Natator" (whose name, he has no objection to my stating, is Cooper, well known to professional swimmers), has excellent health. When he first began to practice long stays under water, some four years since, he used to suffer from severe head-aches, but now there have quite disappeared; he never has rheumatism, or other ache or pain in any form, though he goes through his performance at half-past ten every night, and sometimes twice a day. The water in his aquarium he generally manages to keep at a temperature of about 62 deg., but the warmer the water is, the longer he can stay in, and the easier his performances become. The longest time he has ever remained under water at a stretch has been 69 seconds, and last Saturday week he remained 61; his ordinary tricks require from 10 to 30 seconds under water. He nearly had a bad accident with the first aquarium that was made for him; the front was composed of one large piece of plate glass. Just as he was about, at a rehearsal, to get into the water, the glass gave way with a sudden crash, and washed him with terrible force into the orchestra, which was instantly flooded. If he had been inside the aquarium, and not providently outside, he must have been killed with the rush of water through the fractured glass. This glass is now subdivided into four, with strong iron frames, and the aquarium is perfectly safe. I strongly advise my readers to witness this performance, which is most curious, and at the same time quite original.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

THE UNIVERSAL WATCHWORD.—Tick! How to work on a woman's feelings.—Give her a Sewing Machine.

FORENSIC FASHION.—Miss Flanagan says, that if she were a man she would like to be a Queen's Counsel, because then she would have a silk gown.

THE PROGRESS OF CRUELTY.—A person who last week suffered the extreme penalty of the law is stated to have been a Guardian of the Poor, and to have received a testimonial for his conduct in that capacity. Knowing these facts, it is difficult to be surprised at the result.

AN OBJECTIONABLE OLD MAN.—Young ladies: "Going to make a flower-bed here, Smithers? Why, if it quite spoil our croquet ground."—Gardener: "Well, that's yer pardon, miss. He'll be 't laid out for 'Orchidifer', not for 'Country'!"

"IS CHIT IN SCYLLAM," &c.—Ensign Modley (alluding to his moustache): "You see, some say, 'We're in,' you know; and some say, 'Cut it off,' you know; but if I took everybody's advice I should be like the Old Man and his Donkey."—Sergeant O'Rourke: "Your Hon'r would—(but not wishing to be personal about his Officer's age) that is—laste-ways—burrin the old man, your hon'r-r-r!"

BY THE CARD.—Pedestrian: "How far is it to Sludgecombe, boy?" Boy: "Why 'bout twenty under thousand' mild 'fy' go 'y're agoin' now, an' 'bout half a mild 'f you turn right round an' go 't' other way!"

NOTE ON REFORM.—The constituency, under the new Reform Act will include no compound horse-holders at all, whilst, on the other hand, it will include a considerable number of simple ones.

A LONG WAY REMOVED.—Old Singleton is constantly congratulating himself that he has no near relatives. He has some distant cousins, but they are all in New Zealand.

"COOLIE LABOUR."—Fanning yourself.

FUN.

A MARGARET MISAPPROHENSION.—Sniff (to his Julia): "Well may they call 'em *Bats de l'air* such weather as this! I never felt the 'est so much before."

WHAT, ALL MY PRETTY CHICKENS AND THEIR DAM?—We see among the literary advertisements in the *Saturday Review* the following strange question:—"Can poultry be made to pay?" We have met with hens that were much given to laying, and as they are not considered to indulge in foul practices on the turf, we suppose they paid up. At any rate, Cox and Co. have always been looked on as cock-sure to pay, and we cannot see how any reason why the Poultry should not continue to run towards the bank.

A HOT-LAW MOCKERY.—General Sheridan has removed Governor Throckmorton of Texas, and has appointed Ex-Governor Pease to succeed him. This is an instance of calling out Pease when there is no peace.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—The one that is always last to see the joke.

THE RAIL BRITISH STANDARD.—22 cent 2 d d.

WHY should the clerks in the Patent Office be a humorous set? Because brevité is the soul of wit.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.—We understand Mr. Gladstone has gone to Hawarden. We feel quite sure Mr. Whalley is not going to soften any more—that is impossible.

OLYMPIAN.—It is rumoured that the object which the Læoee of the Olympiad, in view in engaging the young American actress now performing at that theatre, was to cause a Webbs-stir.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—A competitor in the Lido full-dress race by members of the Serpentine Club informs us that this useful accomplishment involves bodily exertion of no ordinary character—indeed, before he had swum one hundred yards he had not a dry thread about him!

NOT WORTH SO MANY PINS!—A young man committed suicide in Paris the other day by running fifty pins into his bosom; stating in a letter that he did so because his life had been a series of disappointments, and adding, that he flattered himself his mode of suicide was quite original. At all events, if his life was disappointments, in his method of quitting it he carried his point—and fifty pins' points besides.

A BIT OF HISTORY.—We see an "Ecclesiastical History" announced by a Mr. Stoughton. Considering the subject and the author's name, we fancy that it will not be without a drop or two of the well-known "Stoughton Bitters." Theological books generally go in for a little relish of the sort.

SERIOUS EXPLOSION AT THE MANXON HOUSE.—We have been surprised to note that a paragraph under this heading has been going the round of the papers. Judging from the reports of the speeches delivered by some of the City magnates on festive occasions, we should imagine that explosions of a side-splitting character—rarely noxious rare in that locality, making it a matter of surprise that the press should consider the circumstance worthy of notice.

JUDY.

TO B OR NOT TO B?—If the Member for Birmingham could be persuaded to get rid of the B (in his honour), his name, without losing any of its lustre, might be made RIGHT ere the meeting of the next Parliament.

MOST UNDOUBTEDLY.—Must not the gentleman who, a short time back, wrote to his "Dearest wife," necessarily be a polygamist?

FULLY ACCOUNTED FOR.—When people are "sworn" in a court of justice, they kiss the outside of the book; doubtless because they consider an oath a "binding" matter!

"THE ROOF OF ALL EVIL."—The 'Tap-Room'!

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c.—Pat, a cardriver (with coat over horse's eyes), to very stout old gentleman: Please, yer Honor, make haste and jump up, for not a Peg will he stir if he sees the Rotundity of yer. The sly Disto's an Admirer of the Feather Weights, but look to him!

A NEW READING.—Unsuspecting the head that lacks a crown. A STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.—When a sportsman fires into a covey of Partridges, he makes them all Quod!

WORST FORM OF THE RINDER PEST.—The Saw-G-rinder pest.

A SLIGHT DISTINCTION.—A Philanthropist advises that he can impart a better secret of betting, by which winning is reduced to a certainty. This is a slight slip. It is the bettors who are "reduced" to a certainty.

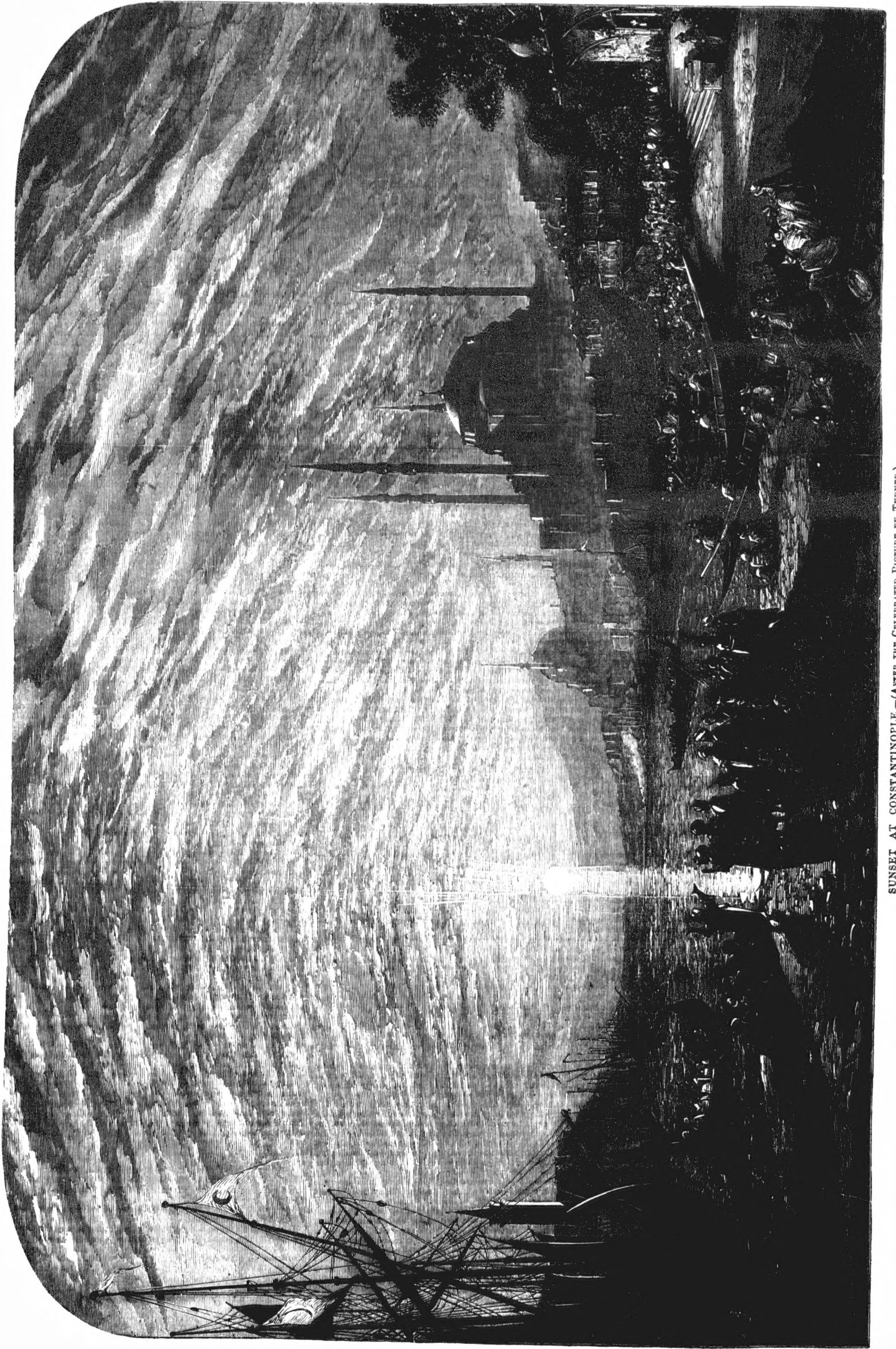
HOW'S THAT, MR. COMMISSIONER?—We always thought that when a man went through the Court, his wearing apparel was retained by him; and were rather surprised, a few days ago, on reading that a Bankrupt's "Stick" was to be sold for his creditors' benefit!

A BRIGHTENED INDIVIDUAL.—A correspondent writes to ask whether we do not think that the City has lately been "Sir"-tified with honours! We should say that he himself must be a "certified lunatic!"

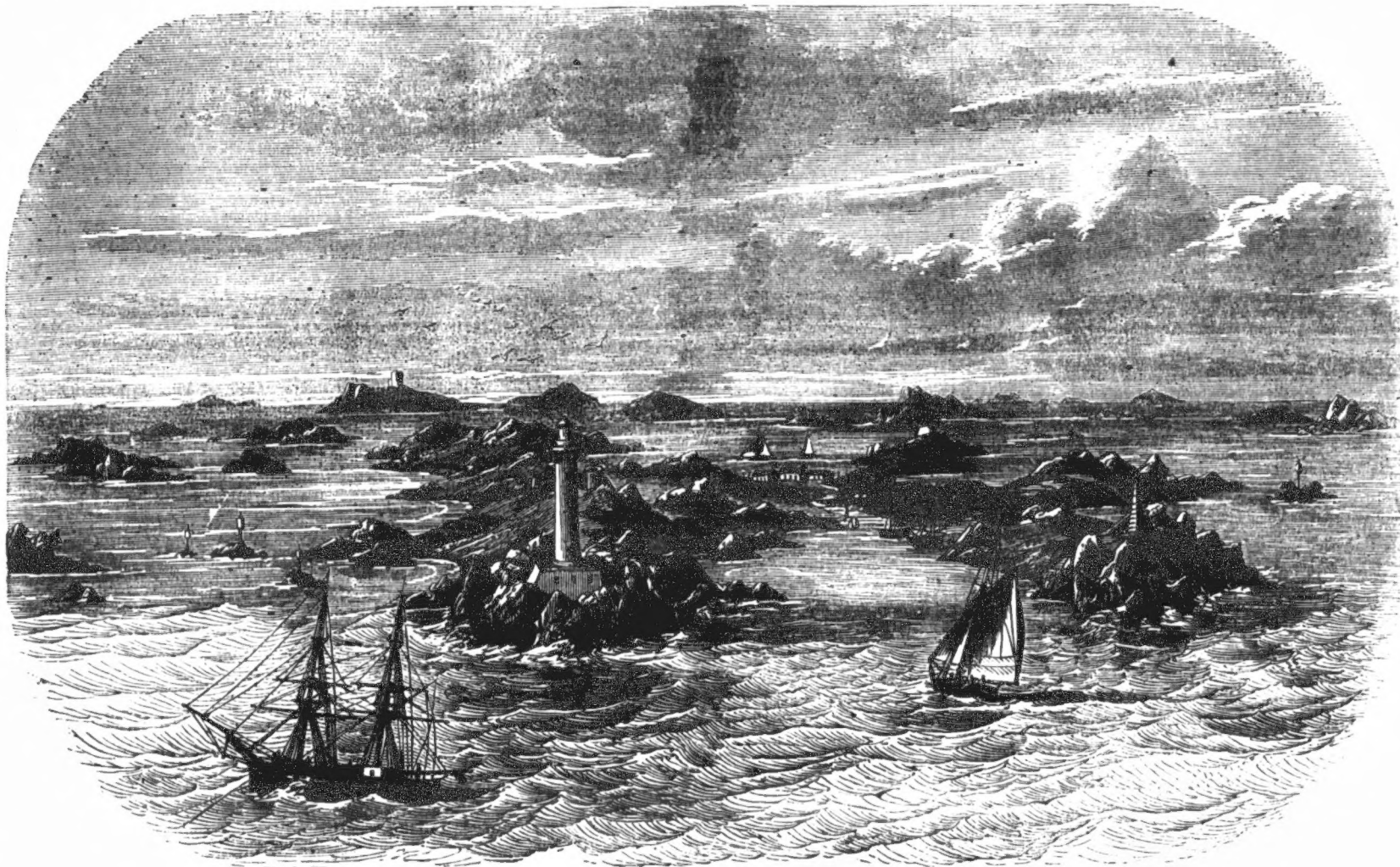
WHEN is it difficult to get one's watch out of one's pocket?—When it's (s)tickling there.

HOW can a Racing Character be considered a worse man than his neighbours, when, as is very well-known, he is invariably a Better?

DOING THE DOCTOR.—Nephew: "How do, Admiral? Glad to see you able to take your port wine again. But didn't old Killenard limit you to two glasses?" Admiral (with tumbler in his hand): Yes, lad; but he never said a word about the size of the glasses. And the Old Boy chuckles.



SUNSET AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—(AFTER THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY TURNER.)



THE CHAUSSEY ISLANDS, ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

The Poisoner's Daughter:

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNSEEN ENEMY.

REGINALD BRAME preserved his calmness of feature while Cromwell shouted to those outside, and nothing save a quiet sneer and a quick flash of his eyes evinced that he was at all moved by this sudden storming of his house.

The retainers of the Lord Protector were soon tumbling into the old mansion through several windows which they beat in with the heavy hilts of their swords and the butts of their muskets. They were fierce-eyed, rough veterans who had served under the command of Cromwell when he led but a regiment, and there was not a man among them who would not have rejoiced in cutting the throat of any follower of the Royal faction.

"Search this house from roof to cellar," said Cromwell, "and should you find any of the traitors who dream of placing Charles Stuart upon the English throne, have him before me forthwith. Here, Blood," he continued, addressing a powerfully built soldier, whose very aspect bespoke cruelty and daring, "let us say something to you apart."

He moved towards a dark corner of the apartment, and whispering earnestly for a moment, continued aloud:—

"Now, haste, for this old worm-eaten abode has no doubt many a sly passage for speedy escape. Fifty pounds of good English gold to him who catches a Royalist."

The trooper whom he called Blood was the same man who afterwards became famous for his almost successful attempt to steal the crown of England's king from the Tower. He smiled darkly as Cromwell whispered his private orders, and immediately hurried from the room.

"A famous rookery for black traitors," said Cromwell, vainly endeavouring to penetrate the darkness of the apartment as he gazed around him. "Go, Reginald, and bring me a light."

"The room is empty, my lord," replied Reginald. "There is not so much as a chair in it."

"I do not trust you, Reginald Brame," broke in the Protector, fiercely. "Get thee gone, and bring hither a light, instantly."

Reginald hastened away, for the voice of Cromwell was hoarse with rage.

Left alone the Protector placed himself near the door. The house was echoing with the noise made by his retainers, and with that boldness which had won for him the power though not the name of king, he closed the door leading into the hall, the latter being even darker than the room, for a faint light from the shattered windows was barely perceptible in the latter.

The act placed Cromwell within the apartment, and the peculiar click of the lock as he shut the door led him to try the knob.

"Ah," thought he, "I was too hasty. The door cannot now be opened except by some one in the hall, and if there be, as I suspect, some one in this room, we are locked in."

He listened attentively, and was sure that he heard a sigh in the remote corner of the room—the same corner near which he had whispered those private instructions which had caused Captain Blood to smile so darkly.

"Who are you? Speak, or expect no mercy. I am the Lord Protector—do not trifle with me. If you are he for whom I seek—for my information was certain—I am the only man in all England that can save you."

"Save me from what, king-killer?" demanded a masculine voice from the deep darkness.

"Ha!" exclaimed Cromwell, "the apprentice did not lie—it is he! Would that Captain Blood were here instead of Oliver Cromwell," he continued, in thought. "It is the son of the great traitor—"

"Save me from what, killer of kings?" again demanded the voice, and in a fierce tone. "Look to yourself, Oliver Cromwell, for your day of doom may be nearer to you than mine."

A sudden movement followed these words, and Cromwell, fearful of attack, and unable to perceive the speaker, listened, almost breathless, for some sound to note the speaker's locality, so that he might be ready to defend himself.

The invisible speaker had certainly moved from the corner, for Cromwell heard a rustling in another part of the room.

He set his teeth hard, planted himself firmly, and kept his sword circling around him with rapid strokes. He condemned his temerity in having imprisoned himself with one who was doubtless a deadly enemy, but his stout heart did not quail amid the dangers which stood around him.

While brandishing his sword something hurtled through the darkness, narrowly missing his face, and struck the wall behind him, whence it rebounded to the floor with a heavy clash.

This proved to Cromwell that his unseen foe had the faculty of seeing in the darkness far better than he; a fact which prompted him to shout for his retainers.

But those retainers were in the lower part of the building, as the sergeant in command had ordered the first search for Royalists to be made below.

"Rescue! Rescue! Traitors!" shouted the Protector, striking more wildly than ever in every direction. "Reginald Brame! Villain! thou shalt die for this! Rescue!"

"There was no rescue for King Charles when you had placed his Royal head upon the block, Oliver Cromwell," replied that deep, harsh voice, "and there should be none for his murderer."

Something heavy and metallic followed this speech, for Cromwell felt the wind of it as it flew near his ear, clattered against the wall, and then upon the floor.

"Cross swords, coward Prince! Rescue!" shouted Cromwell, lunging fiercely to the right, the left, and centre. "Cross steel with me, assassin! Rescue!"

"Aye, rescue; but there'll be no rescue for such as 'Butcher Noll' when their patron saint, old Beelzebub, claws them!" returned the voice, and at that instant Reginald Brame opened the door.

Cromwell sprang toward the tall, darkly clad form which was revealed by the light of the lamp borne by Reginald.

But instead of rushing forward to meet the onset, or leaping aside to avoid it, or in the slightest degree shrinking from it, the defier of Cromwell folded her arms shouted:—

"Strike! and slay a woman!"

"A woman!" cried Cromwell, whose heavy blade was already descending to cleave the head of the supposed Prince, but turning his wrist, so that the flat instead of the edge took effect, for he was unable to wholly arrest the furious blow he had meditated.

"A woman?" replied she, reeling under the stroke. "Strike again, Butcher Noll!"

"Who is this?" demanded the amazed Protector, as he stared at the ghostly female face and figure which confronted him—a pallid, emaciated face and form; tall almost as the Protector himself, but lean, erect and rigid in frame.

"My housekeeper. She is mildly mad, my lord," replied Reginald, advancing the lamp, so that the rays fell broadly upon the features of the old woman, who still glared hate and scorn as she fixed her black, flaming eyes upon those of Cromwell.

"Mildly mad," exclaimed the Protector, recoiling a step, but instantly adding with a sneer which had much suspicion in it, very "mildly mad." Her madness had overmuch method in it to pass with me. Your name, witch?"

"Not so much a witch as Butcher Noll is a devil," replied the woman. "My name is Margaret Floss, or Crazy Maggie as it pleases me."

"The voice of a man at least you have," said Cromwell, morosely. "Would thou wert a man, or even a sane woman, after thy insults. But what was it struck the wall?"

He glanced about him as Reginald held the lamp near the floor against the wall behind him, and perceived a large bunch of keys, and a pair of heavy shears.

"How surprise swells the imagination of a man," said he, as he smiled grimly, and picked up those missiles of the crazy housekeeper. "In the darkness I thought these things were axes or javelins."

"Would they had been, and that my aim—" began Mag Floss; but Reginald stamped heavily upon the floor, and she closed her lips.

Her eyes flashed from Cromwell to those of the alchemist, and she seemed to be struggling to defy him. He met her glance with a steady stare, and placing the lamp upon the floor, began to gesticulate; keeping his sharp eyes upon her meanwhile.

These gestures were so odd that even the Protector, who was about to leave the room, paused to wonder. Reginald Brame appeared to be acting in a pantomime, of which Mag Floss was not only an interested but an appalled spectator. One skilled in translating the silent language of gesture would have thought thus, as the eye followed his motions.

"He is digging a hole—he is digging a grave—the grave is not long—it is that of a very small child—now he picks something up—something he loves, for he embraces it, he kisses it, he weeps over it—now he places it in the hole which he has dug—he kneels and weeps—he prays—he covers that something with the earth near him—he is alarmed—he dies!"

We do not say that Mag Floss thus interpreted the strange gestures of Reginald Brame; but, however she may have construed them, they had a strange effect upon her. Frequent repetition of this pantomimic scene had, doubtless, made Reginald perfect in its representation, for it was executed rapidly, as rapidly as one could have spoken its meaning.

Mag Floss became a picture of terror, then of despair, and began to weep, upon which Reginald said:—

"Return to my daughter's room, Maggie," and as she moved away, he continued to Cromwell, "Now, my lord, if you are satisfied that this room contains no traitor, please search further."

"By my father's soul," exclaimed the Protector, shaking his head, "this passes my understanding, and at an early day, Reginald Brame, this must be explained. How long hath she been of unsound mind?"

"Many years, my lord; but would it please your Highness to superintend the search below? The troopers are rude men, and perhaps not honest."

"True, Reginald, thou art not yet proved a traitor, and should'st not be plundered of thy effects," said Cromwell. "But first let us look into the rooms upon this floor. Lead on; turn to the right. Thy house hath as many rooms as windows. Too many to remain empty, Reginald, when so many of England's people are homeless. I would add to thy revenue to rent—by filling this house with tenants—but I will see to that."

They had proceeded along the narrow, cobwebbed hall while Cromwell spoke, and as he concluded he paused before an open door, saying:—

"Let us enter here. Hold forward the lamp, Reginald."

The apartment was empty, the floor covered with a thick coating of dust, the gradual accumulation of years. A single window admitted light during the day, the two others being boarded up.

Cromwell darted his suspicious glances rapidly about, while Reginald, immediately behind him, held the large hand-lamp so as to cast its rays into every corner. Had Cromwell turned suddenly he would have seen that the face of the alchemist showed sudden consternation, and that his eyes had already detected traces of late intrusion into the room.

"It is empty," said Reginald, quickly, after his glance had swept from floor to ceiling.

"What means that?" demanded Cromwell, sternly, as he pointed with his drawn sword at a foot track in the deep dust upon the floor. "Advance the lamp. Ha! there are several tracks!" he continued, stooping to examine the imprint. "The footstep of no boor, but of a cavalier, and this line following the heel was made by a dragging spur."

"May the devil, who is his friend," thought Reginald, "keep his examination on the floor, and not raise it to the wall." Then aloud he continued: "The track of some of the retainers of your Highness, no doubt."

"The track of one of my followers!" cried the acute Protector. "They are all heavy, wide-footed knaves, and wear boots of the regimental pattern. These tracks, I say, were made by a cavalier." In the emphasis of his gesture and speech his eyes were raised

to the wall, whereupon was written, in letters of chalk, in a large, bold hand:—

"January 30th, 1658, nine years ago this day, a king was murdered. Eternal shame and infamy brand the murderer!"

"Dog!" cried the Protector, wheeling upon the alchemist; "thou art detected! Thou art in league with traitors! Confess! Unearth, foxhearted rascal!"

"My lord," replied Reginald, calmly, and with much dignity, "you may say me, but I swear I know nothing of this."

"Reginald Brame," said Cromwell, relaxing his grasp, but with his left hand still at the throat of the alchemist, "it hath been whispered that thou art of noble birth and breeding; a Royalist at heart, though serving either party for gold. Thou art no coward, and I see that fear cannot move thee. Name thy price. What sum must we give thee?"

"Knowing nothing, your Highness, I can tell nothing," replied Reginald, coolly. "Twice this night, my lord, you have forgotten your dignity of character and station, and assaulted an unoffending, unarmed man."

On hearing this bold speech the Protector freed Reginald from his grasp, and gazed intently upon him. The alchemist returned the gaze steadily, a red spot burning brightly upon each pale cheek.

"Enemies to your Highness may have gained entrance to this house, my lord, and may still be within it," continued Reginald, calmly. "I do not presume to deny that there are traces of their secret presence, but I know nothing of the matter."

"Thou art either a great knave or a very honest man—I fear me the former. It will be all the worse for thee if I detect thy handiwork herein. Whose writing is that upon the wall?"

Reginald Brame knew very well, though he had no knowledge of the presence of the writer in England.

"It is the writing of Albert De Vere, Earl of Branchland," he would have said had he dared, and would have rejoiced to see the young earl captured and slain; but the threat of Lenora was fresh in his ear, the threat that if he revealed one thing she would another, and he replied to the Protector:—

"I know nothing of its author," an equivocating answer which Cromwell instantly nailed with the inquiry:—

"Aye,—nothing of his presence in this room, for I know thou art too cunning to permit such insulting scrawls to be chalked upon thy walls—but perhaps thou knowest the writer, for thou art thyself a famous penman, second to none in England. Come, Reginald, I have forborne with thee much this night; any ruler but Oliver Cromwell would have laid thee by the heels with thy head towards the block, but I have been lenient. Speak, man. We are accustomed to read the thoughts and plots of kings in the cold, impassive faces of their cunningly-selected diplomatists, and my eye tells me that thou knowest the writer of that most damnable scurrility of traitors. Who wrote it? His name and rank?"

The bearing and tone of the Protector had become both hot and imperative as he spoke, for despite his reigned indifference, at times, no man was more sensitive to personal insults; and when those insults touched upon the death of the unfortunate Charles I. his blood boiled with wrath.

"So far as I know," replied the icy lips of the alchemist, who placed no faith in Cromwell's pledged forbearance, "he has neither rank nor name."

"Ha! Dost dare quibble with the Lord Protector of England," exclaimed Cromwell, whose sagacity and vigilance were unequalled by any man then living in all Europe. "If by the laws of England he be exiled or outlawed, of course he hath neither name nor rank within these realms. His name?"

"I do not know," replied the alchemist, in the wearied tone of one to whom the topic was uninteresting.

Cromwell was about to speak, when loud cries and the clash of swords demanded his attention elsewhere.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STATUE OF WAX.

FIERCE shouts, loud cries, the rapid clash of swords, and the shrill scream of a woman, cut short the cross-examination of the Protector, and exclaiming, "The Lord hath been good unto me!" he rushed from the room and hurried into the hall, before he remembered that without a guide and a light he might blunder into any but the right course.

"The lamp, Reginald! In what part of this labyrinth of thine is that turret? Ah, I remember!" and seeing the light of a lamp dimly streaming from an open door at the distant end of the hall, he strode on, almost at a running pace, muttering as he went:—

"That light is in the room of the knave's daughter—I remember now the rope ladder. Doubtless Blood hath cornered the Prince in the narrow court and alley below. I pray he may remember my instructions. Better than that the scandal of another trial of a pretended king."

A few hasty strides carried his heavy, thickset frame into the bed-room of Lenora Brame, whom he found leaning far out of one of the windows, which overlooked the court-yard below, or rather a narrow alley, which led from the front to the rear court-yard—the rear court-yard being as near the front street as the other, but so called because its boundary wall almost touched the waters of the river Thames.

The young lady was rudely startled from the eagerness with which she was regarding the absorbing scene below by the unceremonious thrusting of Cromwell's bulky form into the same window from which she was leaning.

The anxious Protector was too intent upon his own desires to observe the loathing and contempt which blazed upon her beautiful face as she shrank from the contact and sprang back into the room. He leaned far out, and stared below, where the scene of strife was fitfully illuminated by the flaring of dancing torches.

Eight or ten of his retainers were assailing two men whose long and flowing curls declared them to be of the Royalist party. The bright steel caps of his retainers, and the polished blades of all, reflected the blaze of the torches; yet, as Cromwell was looking from above, he could not discern the faces of those two cavaliers, whose unaided efforts were holding at bay the assaults of ten men. The cavaliers, however, were in a position of vantage, from the narrowness of the alley, which was barely sufficiently wide for two men to fight abreast.

Cromwell's quick glance soon showed him that the retreat of the cavaliers was cut off by a high gate which was in their rear, and which separated the two court-yards. Immediately after he made this discovery, which was well known to those below, he saw the cavaliers spring forward suddenly, and thrust their swords through the bodies of the two men nearest to them.

"Use the pistol! Shoot them down!" cried the Protector, drawing a weapon from his belt and aiming it downwards. But he immediately changed his intention, muttering:—

"No. My shot might slay him, and if what all Europe says be true, I have more than enough Royal blood upon my head already."

Meanwhile Lenora had met her father as he entered the room, and in answer to Reginald's inquiring glance, whispered:—

"The key of the alley gate! Give it to me!"

"The gate should have been opened when you heard the warning of danger from the signal bell," replied Reginald, in a low, angry whisper.

"The key—the key! You have it!" persisted Lenora, as she glanced towards Cromwell.

"True! Here it is. What an oversight," replied the alchemist, as he took a key from his vest. "Haste, or the King will be slain."

"The King! He is in that closet," said Lenora, pointing to the door of the closet in which Cromwell had discovered the wax statue of Charles I., and with these hasty words she sped away.

She had hardly left the room when Cromwell well uttered a cry of rage, and stamped heavily upon the floor. He had seen two more of his stout guards go down before the skilful defence of the cavaliers.

"Attack from the rear! Fools! Bluff, find a passage into the court-yard on the right, and break down that gate. Haste, ye lions! Have ye forgotten how to conquer 'lovelocks'?" He! there falls another good soldier! I must attend to this myself. Reginald," he continued, leaving the window, and facing the alchemist, "show me away to that alley-gate."

"Certainly; this way, my lord," replied Reginald, with greater eagerness than he had displayed before; so genuine that Cromwell paused.

"Come, my Lord," said Reginald, who had already reached the door.

Cromwell was unable to divine why this man, hitherto so cold and impassive, though his house was stormed, himself insulted and twice assaulted, had suddenly become extremely agitated and eager.

The Protector, with all his heroic boldness and impulsive daring, was a man of extraordinary shrewdness and prudence. His fear of assassination was incessant, especially since he had been installed Lord Protector of England. He knew that enormous rewards had been secretly offered to any one who should compass his death, not merely by the defeated Royalists who had personal hate to gratify, but by the powers of continental Europe, who regarded him as both a usurper and a murderer. The apprehension that Reginald Brame was about to lead him beneath the swords of concealed conspirators struck his mind, as he observed the eagerness of the alchemist.

"Reginald," said he, solemnly, "there is not a man in England, no, not a soul, that I will trust, save one."

"The daughter of your Highness, Lady Claypole," whispered Reginald, so eager to lead the way to the rear of the hard-pressed cavaliers, that his shrill, sharp tones had sunk to a mere whisper.

Combination of many talents, which may be said to be the definition of genius, is seldom to be met with in any one man; yet Reginald Brame, though no genius, except in the art of poisoning, as the reader will hereafter learn, instantly comprehended, as if by magic, the hesitation of the Lord Protector.

"My lord," said he, in that fierce eagerness of whisper which proves sincerity of motive, "I understand your thoughts, though they have puzzled, in state affairs, even Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of France. What care I for the capture or escape of two beggarly cavaliers with whom I have nothing to do? But we all have a hate. Your Highness has a hate of Royalty; I have a hate of Albert, Earl of Branchland. I believe that he is upon my premises."

"He!" said Cromwell, as he yielded to his keen wish to compass the ruin of the Prince, or rather by the coronation in Scotland, of Charles the Second, King of England. "We have heard that this outlawed earl hath cast longing eyes—"

"Enough," said Reginald, calmly, while he wondered, and in his heart trembled, how Cromwell had discovered so much. "I hate Earl Albert, as he is still called by his father's retainers and tenants. I say I hate him, and when I hate," he continued, as his eyes flashed the fires of his infernal nature, "I mean death, sudden and sure, by any means within my power. He may be upon the premises of the 'Red House,' and if so, without my knowledge, and I shall not be lacking in efforts for his capture."

His speech was interrupted by the rush of several men along the hall opening into the room, one of whom addressed the Protector hastily.

"Your highness, we know nothing of this house, which is full of short and long hails, beginning here and ending there."

"Aye," cried Cromwell; "nor I. But come with me, for the owner of the house is eager to lead us. Go on, Reginald; we follow. But where is Captain Blood?"

"Pursuing the search alone, your highness," answered the spokesman of the troopers, whose name was Blair. "No sooner had we found these Royalists crouching in the alley, than after a glance he yelled, 'He is not there,' and he fled away elsewhere. What he meant, I cannot say, for the Royalists wear masks of escape."

"On, Reginald! Let Blood work his will, for he is a clever man, and daring," said Cromwell.

They left the room, and as soon as it was apparently deserted, Meg Floss stole from behind the heavy curtains of the bed, and moved straight towards the closet which concealed the King.

A casual observer would have detected no sign of unsoundness of mind in the appearance of this unfortunate woman as she trod softly over the floor, unless it might have been betrayed by the unnatural brightness of her dark and lustrous eyes. Her features, viewed in front, presented a calm, wrinkled face, such as would lead one to conclude that she was a woman who had seen much sorrow and many years, her hair being thin and white, and her countenance greatly narrowed. Her profile was not merely handsome, but even noble; her skin, thin, pale, and even, as pale like wax, was smooth and soft; and this fact, added to the gentleness and ease of her movements, which gave her a grace, betrayed that she was far younger than the whiteness of her hair and the furrows of her face seemed to declare.

Scarcely had she turned a key in the lock of the closet when she heard the noise of a heavy and hasty tread approaching along the hall. With a stifled cry of terror she glided back behind the bed, forgetting to lock the closet, and leaving the key in it. Hardly had she regained her place of concealment when Captain Blood entered the room.

The light of the fire alone cast a red, dim, and flickering radiance upon the scene; and as the flames rose and fell, as if in a wild and word-like dance, the shadows of the various articles of furniture shortened and lengthened upon the lofty walls. The noise of the fierce conflict in the alley still continued, but Blood paid no attention to that. He glanced sharply about him, until the bright brass handle of the key in the closet lock, reflecting the fire's glare, caught his eye.

"Ha," he muttered, drawing his sword, and advancing towards the closet, "I have not looked into that—a lady's room, it seems, and magnificently furnished. Five thousand pounds said old Oliver, if my sword tastes the heart of the King."

He opened the door wide, casting it far back upon the hinges, and instantly recoiled, throwing himself upon the ground as he did so. The light of the fire dimly illuminated the interior of the closet, and he beheld the same darkly clad, pale-faced figure which had so startled the Protector.

Blood, who was familiar with the features of Charles the First, quivered in every limb for an instant, for the age was very supple, and he was not free from the general mental taint. But, unlike Cromwell, his conscience did not upbraid him with the murder of the unfortunate monarch, and he recovered his natural audacity in a moment.

"For all the saints," he muttered, as he lowered the point of his sword, "a marvellous conceit. The figure of Charles, and his face—a waxen mask. At first glance I thought he had risen from the dead to warn me from pursuit of his son. Puppet!" he exclaimed, his wrath rising as he remembered his sudden terror, "at last I will pass my sword through your waxen majesty for the sweat you put me in."

He raised his point and lunged fiercely at the breast of the figure. His blade snapped in twain, for the statue, though fierce, was carefully made, and the point having encountered a cuirass, or coat of mail, hidden beneath the velvet garments, was broken as if glass and not steel.

(To be continued.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LEGER NOTES.

SINGULARLY uneventful in its results, the past week's racing has shed no fresh light upon the Leger, and the principal features in connection with the Doncaster event have been the 6,000 to 5,000 bet on Hermit v. Achievement, the decline of Vauban, and the "break-down" *enorm* which was currently circulated on Friday about Julius. In horse circles the merits of the two favourites are continually canvassed, and although Captain Machell so unmistakably expressed his confidence in Hermit at Derby, the mare is strongly fancied by the public, and if everything progresses satisfactorily for the next nine days it will be a fine point for premiership between the pair. Newmarket is loud in adulation of Hermit, who does his daily tasks under the eyes of a whole army of fouts, and he has, I am told, filled out so much that, when stripped on the town moor, he will be as difficult to recognise from the dog horse, who won, perhaps, the most remarkable Derby on record, as Achievement was at York to the bag of bones she appeared at Ascot. The Julius report was a mere "flash in the pan," and as his noble owner offered in vain to back him at Lichfield, he will see a shorter price. Hostility to Vauban has originated from the fact of his having done very little work since York; but rest was undoubtedly his great desideratum, and if the doubts as to his starting are cleared away, he ought certainly to secure the third place. At present, however, he holds a very dubious position in the market, and as the Duke of Beaufort may repeat the rustic tactics, the Muscovite should not be meddled with until a more definite move is made. Challenge, although reported to be very sore when he arrived at Danebury, is backed at 25 to 1, upon what grounds we are at a loss to conceive, granting that he must not be despised for a situation; but if Van Amburgh, who is said to be undergoing a rattling preparation at Goodwood, is brought out in his strong form, we look upon him as certain to finish before Challenge, Fervaque, and even Julius. When Mr. Fleming's son of Van Galen has been thoroughly up to the mark, he never failed to give a good account of himself, and it must not be forgotten that a quarter of a mile from home he looked most dangerous at Epsom, at a time when Julius, who had received a much superior preparation, was quite disposed of. The Rake will not run again this year, and it is most doubtful whether D'Estournel and Markman will travel northwards next week; consequently, the Leger field will scarcely number a dozen, the only certain starters appearing to be Hermit, Achievement, Julius, Challenge, Fervaque, and Van Amburgh. To these may be added Vauban, Markman or D'Estournel, while the "curious" Taraban may do battle for John Scott and Mr. Bowes, and dangerous Tom Dawson with either Mandrake or Tyndale, although it is incalculable odds against the three. If Hermit and Achievement are fortunate enough to escape the "ill-horseshoe" are heir to," they seem so far ahead of their antagonists on paper to make their positions unassailable; still Warwick has witnessed some curious doings, and it is impossible to anticipate what may turn up. Now, however, the Leger reads nothing more than a match between Hermit and Achievement, and to the former we award the palm.

IRISH NEWS.

THE men who write sensational Irish news for our New York contemporaries are especially comic in the matter of geography. Thus, in the wonderful account, contributed to the *New York Times*, of the voyage of an imaginary Fenian ship, the different bays and headlands in Ireland are exquisitely confused. The phantom ship called the *Plato*, perhaps out of compliment to the *Milesius*, first sighted land at Tory Island (Corry in the Yankee dialect), which is described as a free kingdom unknown to the English tyrants, governed by a native king, elected by universal male suffrage, in which the old Erse is still spoken by everybody. This will be news to the islanders, after what has been done by the English in the way of Right House and other matters. Sailing from Tory Island to the mainland of Donegal, the phantom ship drops into Kinsale, and lands some of her men—a very improper proceeding, and certainly likely to mislead the English fleet, since the whole length of Ireland lies between Donegal and Kinsale. However, at Kinsale the Fenians hear of a frigate being about, and, getting alarmed, they put to sea, and not being chased, they return to the coast of Wexford (south-east corner of Ireland), where they put into Bentry Bay (in the south-west), actually "passing under the nose of an English vessel without being questioned." After quitting Bentry Bay (in Wexford), the *Plato* coasts Waterford, on her way, apparently, towards Antrim, in one of the bays of which county (called Antrim Bay, a name unknown to geography) the Fenians land; but not likely the reports of the people in Ulster, which is hardly surprising, the people of Antrim being mostly Orangemen, they sail "in a north-easterly direction" for the Lough of Belfast. To their great astonishment, we should say, they actually find the Lough, since every map we have consulted shows that the Lough of Belfast lies exactly in the opposite direction to that in which they sail from Antrim. The *Plato* returns to America, carrying with her as the result of her voyage a conviction that the English fleet does not guard the coast so effectually as to prevent pirates from throwing considerable bodies of men on our shores. But, after all, it may be urged in defence of our neglect that our sailors are men who work by wit, and not by witchcraft. We can hardly expect the Warrior to catch the Flying Dutchman. We doubt, indeed, whether any amount of watchfulness would enable men, deficient in imagination, to "give a good account" of a strange sail which has power to land men in Kinsale while cruising off Donegal, and to reach the harbour of Belfast by sailing in a north-easterly direction from any bay on the Antrim coast.

A FALSE PROPHET.

THE trumpeter of the Zouaves, whose miraculous cures of palsy, paralysis, and other infirmities have been a seven days' wonder for the gossips, and puzzle for the savans of Paris, turns out to be no great conjuror after all. The case on which his fame chiefly rested was his alleged restoration to Marshal Forey of the free use of his limbs, but the Marshal's side-of-camp puts quite a new aspect on the affair. For the last three months the Marshal has been able to move only with the aid of a stick, and the support of a friendly arm. All the "miracles" the Zouave performed was to take away the stick, to bid the servant stand aside, and to compel the Marshal, by mustering all his strength and resolution, to totter painfully for a few steps, when he fell exhausted into a chair. This is his uniform style of treatment, and its effects are equally evanescent and illusory. Jacob's peremptory tone of command stimulates the patient to make a great effort to obey his orders, and in some cases the few paces which are thus taken without aid may inspire a degree of confidence and hope which is not without a salutary effect on the mind of the invalid. An eye-witness who was present one day in the Zouave's consulting room says that when he gave the order "Rise and walk," a sort of morning whine, evidently produced by fear and doubt, broke from the line of cripples, who were, however, awed by Jacob's violent manner into trying to keep their balance and struggle across the floor till they reached the door. "Now, you're cured," shouted the inspired trumpeter, "be off with you; *pietiez moi le camp*." It is impossible, of course, to say how far this is conscious imposture or only self-deception; but the "miracle," at least, is reduced to a mere vulgar delusion.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

AMERICAN "PERSONALS."

The "personals" form certainly a most curious characteristic feature in American journalism; and we give the following choice specimens from the New York papers:—

"A gentleman in the prime of life is desirous of forming the acquaintance of a lady not over thirty years old—a young widow preferred—who is prepossessing in person and refined in manners. Such a one, yearning for the pleasures which flow from the union of two ardent natures, will, by addressing—, meet a prompt response."

"The lady who rode up town in a Third-avenue car on Saturday, Feb. 1, during the snow-storm, about eleven o'clock a.m., who, on leaving the car at Twenty-sixth-street, would not accept either the escort or umbrella of a gentleman who, although not personally known to her, is well acquainted with her sad history, will find a sincere friend—one who would deem it a privilege to be 'allowed to relieve her necessities'—by addressing a note at her 'nearest convenience' to his real name and place of business, stating time and place for an interview. He has tried in various ways to make her acquaintance, but 'without success,' and sincerely hopes she will comply with this request."

"Adoption.—A fine, healthy male infant, four weeks old, of good American parents, may be adopted by any respectable family, either in the city or country. All claims will be relinquished, and any satisfactory arrangements made.—Address—, New York Post-office."

"Will the gentleman who, in crossing Sixth-avenue, at Twenty-sixth-street, on Tuesday evening, at 9 o'clock, and who came near falling, give his address through 'Personals,' to the lady who laughed at him, as she wishes to apologise.—ISABEL."

"For Adoption.—A fine, healthy male infant, six weeks old. Can be seen for three days by calling at or addressing 316, East Tenth-street, third floor."

"Light Guard Ball.—If the lady in blue silk dress, small black bow, and with a light blue wreath of flowers upon her head, is willing to make the acquaintance of the gentleman who noticed her particularly in the laners, and afterwards (holding an opera cloak on his arm) received a recognition during the quadrille, a note addressed to H. M., care P. C. Goffrey, Union-square Post-office, stating how a communication will reach her will receive prompt attention."

LATEST FASHIONS.

PROMENADE TOILETTES.

Morning Toilette.—The car-dress is made of tussore or raw silk, and the flounced petticoat of taffetas of the Bismarck malade shade. The tunic is looped up with sash-ends of Bismarck ribbon, each end terminating with a rosette. The bodice has revers of Bismarck silk, and the close-fitting sleeves have cuffs at the wrists; the waistband is corded with silk, and the rosette is of Bismarck ribbon. A small Lillia toque, made of bronze straw, bound with brown velvet, and ornamented with a sprig of gold olive leaves in front; a black lace volute, with lappets, tied at the back over the chin, complete the costume.

All-noon Toilette.—The material of the dress is pearl grey silk. The train-skirt is trimmed with five rows of blue ribbon. The tunic, which is likewise bordered with blue ribbon, is looped up in an artistic manner on the left side by a narrow sash which commences at the waist. The bodice is fastened with blue buttons; the wide sleeves are bordered with blue and draped to match the tunic, being fastened up with a ribbon, which commences at the arm-hole. The bonnet is composed of tulle and lace; a white feather is fastened at the left side with a bunch of blue lobelia.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF A GENTLEWOMAN IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

ONE Mrs. Woolley wrote a book called "The Gentlewoman's Companion; or, a Guide to the Female Sex;" the third edition of which appeared in 1682. The authoress mentions the "books of piety" which she would recommend to young gentlewomen. They are few, but they would all be intolerable now. She next recommends a few works of fiction, but we doubt whether one girl in a hundred would get through any of them. The books of divinity are Bishop Usher's "Body of Divinity," Swinocock's "Christian Catechism," Firmin's "Real Christian," Janeway's "Acquaintance with God himself," and the "Token for Children" by the same author. Mrs. Woolley thus continues:—"Some may imagine that to read romances after such practical books of divinity will not only be a vain thing, but will absolutely overthrow that fabric I endeavoured to erect. I am of a contrary opinion, and do believe such romances which treat of generosity, gallantry, and virtue, as 'Cassandra,' 'Celia,' 'Grand Cyrus,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Parthenissa,' not omitting Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia,' are books altogether worthy of their observation. There are few ladies mentioned therein, but are character'd what they ought to be; the magnanimity, virtue, gallantry, patience, constancy and courage of the men, might inflame them, worthy husbands to the most deserving of the female sex. Thus having qualified them for reading, you should's promise them in their pen, as not to be ignorant of the Point de Venise, and all the productions of the needle, with all the curious devices of wax-work, rock-work, moss-work, cabinet-work, beagle-work, &c., and in due time let them know how to preserve, conserve, distill; with all those laudable sciences which adorn a complete gentlewoman."

Among the items just referred to will be found some that are rare in our day, but they are not all so. Perhaps, however, it is worth while to give Mrs. Woolley's own list of her own accomplishments, all of which she declares her competency to teach, and all of which must have been in high repute if we are to believe the catch of her experience which accompanies the catalogue ensuing:—"The things I pretend greatest skill in, are all works wrought with a needle, all transparent works, shell-work, moss-work, also cutting of points, and adorning rooms or cabinets, or storks with them; all kinds of beagle-works upon wyers or otherwise, all manner of pretty toys for closets, rocks made with shells or in sweets, frames for looking-glasses, pictures or the like, feathers of crewel for the corner of beds, preserving all kinds of sweet-meats wet and dry, setting out of banquets, making salves, ointments, waters, cordials, healing any wounds not desperately dangerous, knowledge in discerning the symptoms of most diseases and giving such remedies as are fit in such cases, all manner of cookery, writing and arithmetic, washing black or white saracens, making sweet breads for the hart, or to lay among linnen. All these and several others besides, to relations here to relate, I shall be ready to impart to those who are desirous to learn."

THE Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases, in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADV.]

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & CO'S, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & CO. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADV.]

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Sow ten-week and intermediate stocks for early spring flowering. Pot any auriculas requiring that attention without further delay. A good, thoroughly decomposed surface-loam, with a fourth of well decomposed cow-dung, a little well-washed road driftings, and silver sand, will suit them well if the pots are well crocked. Be careful not to bury the crowns too deeply, and pot just sufficiently firm to ensure a not too retentive capacity to hold moisture. Remove all old flowers from dahlias, upon the first symptoms of decay, and this will be especially necessary with hollyhocks also; always in performing this latter operation, when seed saving is not intended, be particular to remove the seed-pods, as allowing them to remain greatly impoverishes the plants, and tends to destroy the beauty of the later blooms at the apex of the shoots. Prick out seedling pansies and plant out into their permanent beds, where it is intended they should flower, all properly struck cuttings. The beds, properly prepared, as I have before advised, must be well mixed up with putty decayed leaf-mould, good loam, &c. Sow sweetwilliam seed for spring planting.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Remove the old fruiting canes from "raspberry stools" as soon as they have done fruiting, which, by affording a greater amount of light and air to the young growths, will aid in more efficiently hardening them to stand through the winter. Finish budding various "stone fruits" where possible this week, in order that the worked parts may have time to properly heal over before adverse weather sets in. This operation is more easily performed than that of grafting, while the result is about equal as far as success is concerned.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Make a small sowing of spinach. This will come in nicely to follow that coming up in the spring, as it will be fit for picking at a time when the earlier sown has run to seed. Sow also a similar quantity of lettuce and endive seed, which should be allowed to remain in seed-bed until spring. Pricked out then, it will prove an acceptable succession to those transplanted into beds in autumn when they have also run to seed. These remarks will apply equally to cabbages, which, if sown now in a similar way, will eventually prove very serviceable as early spring coleworts. Take up, dry, and store away onions without further delay. If left standing until they have become thoroughly ripe, the top having decayed, they do not keep nearly so well as when they are pulled up before the green tops have quite decayed. Continue to plant out lettuces and endive as frequently as any successful sowings become sufficiently large for the purpose. These are sure to be useful, with slight protection during early winter months. Where seeds are being saved, of course this will need attention in the ordinary way. Remove all decaying substances from cabbage plantations, from which the first crop has been taken, and which are intended to stand for the purpose of giving a supply of winter greens. Continued attention to successive plantings of celery will be the more needful as the cooler long nights of autumn approach. Continue to earth them up, as they grow, a little at a time in a general way. The earlier lot might now be pretty generally earthed up, for the purpose of the thoroughly blanching it for use. Finish earthing up cardoons, where this has not already been done, as previously advised.—W. E. in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

HINTS FOR AMATEURS.

Early in September, those who have the misfortune to be obliged to move at Michaelmas begin to look out for a new location, and not a few have no choice but between houses built upon new ground. Now, we all know too well what new ground round London means; it means clay—stiff, back-aching, unmitigated clay—fit only for making bricks. The surface generally presents some few inches of useful soil; but this is commonly buried beneath the clay which is wheeled out from the depths of the foundations, and which is so heavy that the workman is obliged to use a long spade of only half the ordinary width, and so sticky that he must wet his tool in a pail of water each time before using it. Out of such unkindly soil as this do metropolitan amateurs, by dint of constant perseverance and attention, succeed in growing some very nice flowers—after how many failures we will not mention. So many of these failures have mainly arisen from not having had the ground properly prepared is the first instance, that we propose to say a little on this matter. There are but few plants that will survive being planted in such stuff as this, if the autumn should prove wet, and the winter severe. It would be much more prudent to abstain from planting anything until the spring, and meantime to subject the soil to a proper course of treatment. The usual plan is to trench the ground. By this is meant digging down to the depth of about two feet, and casting up the clay into long, raised, rough ridges, so as to expose as great a surface as possible to the air and frost. It is very desirable that these ridges should run north and south, for then one side of each ridge gets the full influence of the morning sun, while the other side gets its turn in the afternoon. Probably the effects of frost upon this rough material are more beneficial than any other influence, as it cracks and breaks it up, causing it in the spring to crumble to pieces. Then is the time to take advantage of its disintegrated condition, by covering it three or four inches deep with sifted, burnt brick-earth, and digging it all up together. By so doing a good, useful garden soil is obtained, which will grow most hardy plants and shrubs excellently.

Have you noticed, at a neighbour's some fine strong hollyhocks, which would look well in your garden next year? If so, explain to him the advantages of dividing the root, show him how to do it, taking care to wait till the plant has done blooming, and also that each division when made has a good shoot and some strong roots; you will of course recommend him to cut off all the biggest leaves, and to plant these divisions in some shady place away from the drip of trees in a good free soil, where they may remain until the spring, when they must be transplanted to those places which they are to ornament with their stately flower-spikes.

There is a plant just now coming into bloom which is so rarely met with in the gardens of amateurs, and has such a beautiful flower, that we strongly recommend its being inquired for. It is the double-flowered variety of the autumn crocus or meadow saffron. Its bloom most resembles a pale Oleander flower, while it has the egg-shaped form of a half-blown bud of a good tea rose. Its colour is a delicately pale purple or pinkish, and it lasts a long time in a vase of water.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

THE speech of Lord Alcorn furnishes the most practical and conclusive answer to the question which has puzzled Mr. Bright. According to all the tests which can be applied to discover the true condition of a country, Ireland is rich and prosperous now, more than she ever was at any period of her history, in spite of the decrease of population, in spite of certain ineradicable faults in the temper and genius of the people, in spite of the persistent efforts of a disaffected class to thwart the progress of the country, and to belie its advance in wealth and civilization; the Ireland of to-day bears no comparison to the Ireland even of the past generation. The wonder is, not that Ireland should not have prospered more, but that she has advanced so steadily in the path of true progress, in the face of the innumerable repellents and discouragements which she has had to encounter from her pretended friends—from those who talk to her of her wretchedness, and trade upon the memory of her ancient wrongs.—*St. James's*.

LITERATURE.

"Lives of Indian Officers." By J. W. Kaye. Strahan and Company.

THIS is an excellent work. We quote the author's description of Sir William Lawrence:—

"He gave many sorrowing thoughts, also, to his foster-children in the Lawrence Asylum; and when he was not capable of uttering many words, from time to time he said, alternately with his prayers for the women and children, 'Remember the Asylum; do not let them forget the Asylum.' He told the chaplain he wished to be buried very privately, 'without any fuss,' in the same grave with any men of the garrison who might die about the same time. Then he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, of his epitaph: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him!' He lingered till the beginning of the second day after he was stricken down, suffering occasionally acute paroxysms of pain, but having many blessed intervals of rest; and at last passed away very tranquilly, 'like a little child falling asleep,' about eight o'clock a.m. on the 4th of July. 'He looked so peaceful and happy,' said one, who entered the room just after his spirit had departed, 'with the most beautiful expression of calm joy on his face. We could not but thank God that his sufferings were over, feeling sure that he was at rest.' After a little while it became necessary to move the body, and some European soldiers were sent for to lift the couch on which it lay. Before they did so, one of the party raised the sheet which covered the face of his beloved chief, and kissed him reverently on the forehead; then the others stooped down and did likewise; and, having so done, bore the body to the verandah. That evening it was buried, in a soldier's grave, with the corpses of four others who had fallen on that day; and so furious was the raging of the enemy at the time, that I believe not a single officer of the garrison saw the remains of his beloved General lowered into the grave. But there was not one amongst them who did not feel that he best did honour to the dead by following his great example, and being found ever at his post. Rough and imperfect as is this brief sketch of Sir Henry Lawrence's career, I hope that it has in some measure set forth the character of the man, and the sources of his greatness. It will not, I trust, be long before a life so eminently that of a 'Christian warrior'—a life so fitted to encourage and sustain in well-doing by the beauty of its example—will be fully written by one far more capable than I am of doing justice to the theme. What Wordsworth wrote, Lawrence acted. The ideal portrait of the 'Christian warrior' which the one has drawn, was ever before the other as an exemplar. He read it often, he thought of it continually; he quoted it in his writings. He tried to conform his own life and to assimilate his own character to it; and he succeeded, as all men succeed who are truly in earnest. But if I were asked what especially it was that more than all perfected the picture of his character, I should say that it was the glow of romance that flushed it all as with a glory from above. There was in all that he did a richness and tenderness of sentiment that made it not only good but beautiful. He used to say—and nothing was ever said more truly—'It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life.' No words can express better than his own what I wish to say in this place, for no words can more clearly set forth what it was that made the peculiar greatness of the man. 'The quality,' he wrote in 1841, 'variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or idealism, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind, to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, that, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it is yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate, tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable vision of romance; 'but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!' Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight, rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance bequeathes the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddeth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' And truly upon Henry Lawrence this light beamed more and more until the perfect day dawned upon him, and his work was accomplished upon earth. I do not think that I shall be accused of partiality or exaggeration if I say that, looking not so much at what he did as at what he was, the future historian of India will place him second to none in the great descriptive roll of her heroes. For perhaps in no one, who has lived and died to maintain in good repute our great Anglo-Indian empire, shall we find so lustrous a combination of ennobling and endearing qualities. Few men, at any time and in any country, have been at once so admired and so beloved. People of all kinds speak of him with an enthusiasm which has so much of personal affection in it, that it seems sometimes as if the world were full of his private friends. And yet many who thus spoke of him had never seen him in the flesh. Those who knew him, and knew him well, and had been in habits of intimacy with him, were ever as proud of his friendship as Fulke Greville was of the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney. He had some points of resemblance to Sydney, but there were also characteristic divergences; but if we could conceive a fusion of a Sydney and a Cromwell, we might arrive nearly at a just conception of the character of Henry Lawrence. He was very chivalrous and tender; he was courteous, but he was not courtly; he had profound religious convictions, and in the hour of difficulty and danger he communed with his God, and felt that, whether the issue were life or death, it was all for the best. But the ruggedness of Henry Lawrence was all on the outer side; he was personally one of the most gentle, loving, and compassionate of men; and, in his relations with the great world around him, he was essentially charitable and forbearing. There was no iconoclasm in his nature. He grieved over the errors which were ever patent before him; but he had a great pity for those who professed them, and it was his desire rather to persuade than to break."

"Are the Worlds Above Us Inhabited?" By "Festina Lente." Charles Perry, Corinthian Bazaar, Argyll-street, Regent-street. W. Price Twopence.

THIS is an interesting though by no means exhaustive treatise on a difficult and perplexing subject. After stating many ingenious arguments to prove the existence of a plurality of inhabited worlds, the author concludes it is quite possible, on the score of weight or gravity, for beings very like ourselves to dwell in the worlds above us, at least, in those which belong to our own system, and which, in so many other important points, bear so close a resemblance to our own planet:—"Who can wonder, if after the facts adduced, the conviction strikes home powerfully to the mind of the philosopher and of the Christian, that the worlds above us are inhabited? If there is in respect to many of the planets composing the Solar system, so much circumstantial evidence, amounting almost to a moral certainty, that they are inhabited by creatures analogous to ourselves, then we must go further and yield our belief to the habitability of the millions of stars floating so harmoniously in infinite space, and concerning which we know little or nothing, saying that they are worlds of stupendous magnitude, and are at immeasurable distances from us."

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THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A CONFERENCE on Sunday schools was held in the Isle of Wight, on the 22nd ult., at which the Bishop of Oxford presided. At the close of the discussion, in which several clergymen and gentlemen took part, the Bishop spoke as follows:—

"Many useful hints had been thrown out, and pre-eminently those which pointed out the need of sympathy between the teacher and the taught if any good at all was to be done. It seemed to him, in the first place, that they must divide the children who came to the Sunday school into different classes. Those who were taught during the week should be treated in a different manner to those who came only on Sundays. In great towns, perhaps, they could not get a poor ragged set of children together on any other day, and such they should really and definitely endeavour to teach. Those whom they had under their care every day in the week they should, as much as possible, avoid teaching on Sunday. Sunday was as much a day of rest for children as for grown-up persons, and it was a mistaken idea to take children, whom God had made volatile, who could not be still for a moment, because it was not their nature, who were always dropping off to sleep on the benches they sat upon, because they needed sleep, and would begin to whisper and laugh, just as the bee needed to buzz when he flew about—it was a mistake to compel children whom God had made in this way to sit on a hard bench, and to make horrid faces at them when they began to buzz, or to knock them on the head when they went to sleep. In his experience Sunday school teachers failed very much on the 'Be-good system.' That was the beginning and end of all their teaching, and marvellously unfruitful teaching it would be for men, women, or children. They could not expect the elder children to continue attending a Sunday school where all the little ones of the parish were being taught. The rook never frequented the same ground with the starling, who was a busy, talkative gentleman, while the rook was a quiet sort of fellow, and, therefore, when the starling came near, the rook looked at him with a peculiar cock of the eye and then flew away. In the same way the 14 years' old pupil flew away from the little volatile things who sat dozing upon the hard benches. As to these younger ones, no one who was at all acquainted with children would expect to get any real knowledge into them. When these Sunday school children were sent to church, not with their parents, but in a body together, and were generally placed a long way off the clergyman lest they should disturb the congregation, how was it possible but that the volatile things should begin whispering to one another and kicking their legs about, and how could they be expected to pay any attention to the service when they had been tired out with two hours' previous teaching at school? Then, perhaps, in the afternoon, the little things having had rather a better dinner than usual, would fall asleep, which was the best thing they could do. No doubt a great deal might be done in showing kindness to those little ones whose parents did not take them to church—at all events they might be kept from the devil's school, where they played at chuck-farthing and make dirt pies. At the Sunday school everything should be done to make the children happy. Of course there should be some colouring of Christianity and religious teaching about it, but particularly the little things should be taught to sing, for which they were always ready. The teachers ought to be a great deal ahead of the scholars if they would teach them anything of the Church system. If the teachers only had a general foggy impression about the Church, and that was frequently the case, especially with persons who were continually talking about 'Our beloved Church,' nothing useful would be done. It was not by dreary, dull teaching, not by sending a man round to knock the children's heads when they fell asleep, that they would do good, but by making Sunday schools the opportunity of showing a kindly interest in the little ones sent there, and then, by the leavening principle of the love of Christ, they would make their schools not wearisome to the little ones, nor useless to older ones, but would make them instruments for touching their hearts, and thus would get a great deal of truth into the narrow-necked mouth of the bottle, until, by God's grace, they could fill it as full as it could bear."

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea are now supplied by the Agents, Eight-pence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



EARL RUSSELL.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THE following letter, having reference to a recent police case, has been addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

Sir,—In common with most persons who travel much by rail, I uniformly carry a railway key, but after the magisterial decision with reference to the gentleman who had sinned by unlocking a carriage door, I feel somewhat disturbed lest other companies, always as eager to trammel and hamper their passengers as if they were their mortal enemies, instead of their sources of income, should be moved to emulate the South Eastern in its vexatious and arbitrary regulations. Is a company able to enact any bye-law which its chairman chooses to adopt, and, if so, where is the power to stop? Railway directors make no apparent endeavour to preserve our lives; are they to prohibit our own poor efforts in that direction, inadequate as they may be, for all the dangers to which we are exposed? I observe that the porter declared that even to carry a key was against the rule; will they propose to search us in future on the South Eastern line? It will be remembered that in the fearful accident in the tunnel several of the passengers had to get through the windows, because the locked door was the uppermost one. Would the South Eastern prosecute or would they mercifully forgive the malefactor, who, under similar circumstances should use his unlawful implement to extricate the living from among the wounded and the dying? It seems not unreasonable that a passenger having paid his fare should be at liberty to take his seat in any carriage not engaged, but if this is objected to and we are to be locked out, are we also to be locked in? For my part, I always feel glad to think that when, as has frequently occurred to me, I have been locked in on both sides I have that in my pocket with which I could open the doors in case I fall in with a good-sized maniac or ticket-of-leave man, or my carriage gets on fire or is upset. My own impression is that if the gentleman had tipped the porter a shilling he would have heard no more about it. I lent my key the other day to the servant of a company which shall be nameless, and he remarked, "I see you have all the appliances for travelling, but that's a better key than mine." Unless, while adopting the continental system of excessive and minute regulation, English companies are also prepared to adopt continental punctuality and carelessness for life and limb, I imagine their claims to investigate and dictate as to the contents of our breeches pockets will be resisted by an English public; they certainly will be by

A WANDERER.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BORN 1791; died Sunday, August 25th, 1867. Such notice as we give is not a difficult task—first, because his biography is very simple. The son of a blacksmith, apprenticed to a bookbinder, working at that trade up to the age of twenty-two, turned towards science by the irresistible impulse, released from trade by Sir Humphry Davy. Let him tell his own story, as in his letter to Dr. Paris:—

"My dear Sir,—You asked me to give you an account of my first introduction to Sir H. Davy, which I am very happy to do, as I think the circumstance will bear testimony to his goodness of heart. When I was a bookseller's apprentice, I was very fond of experiment, and very averse to trade. It happened that a gentleman, a member of the Royal Institution, took me to hear some of Sir H. Davy's last lectures in Albemarle-street. I took notes, and afterwards wrote them out more fairly in a quarto volume. My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of Science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir H. Davy, expressing my wishes, and a hope that, if an opportunity came in his way, he would favour my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken at his lectures. The answer, which makes all the point of my communication, I send you in the original, requesting you to take great care of it, and to let me have it back, for you may imagine how much I value it. You will observe that this took place at the end of the year 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of Assistant in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, then just vacant. At the same time that he thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that Science was a harsh mistress; and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on the matter. Finally, through his good efforts, I went to the Royal Institution early in March of 1813, as Assistant in the Laboratory; and in October of the same year went with him abroad, as his assistant in experiments and writing. I returned with him in April, 1815, resumed my station in the Royal Institution, and have, as you know, ever since remained there.—

M. FARADAY."

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

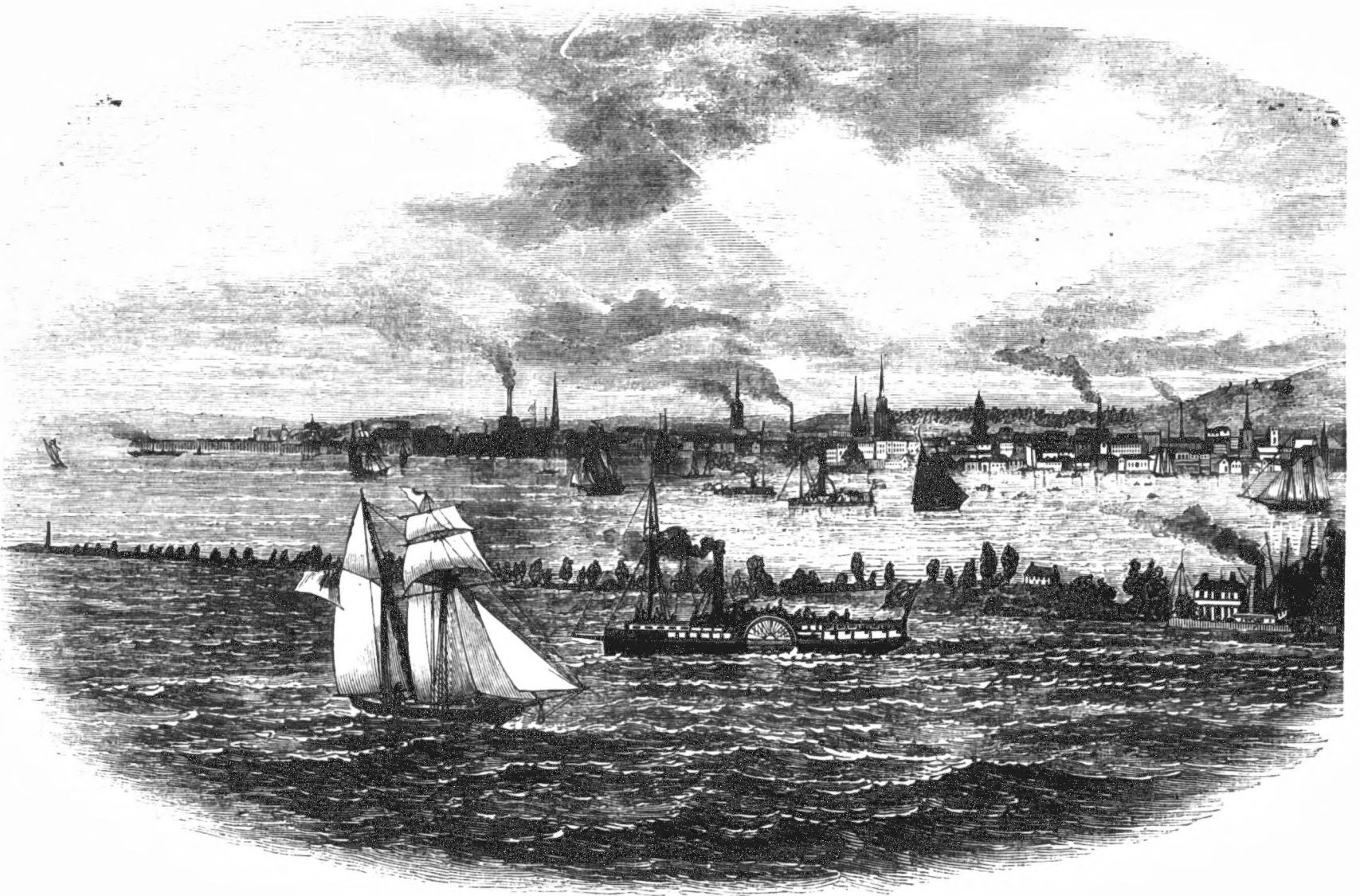
Secondly, we can write nothing about his career without entering upon the whole history of electricity in connexion with magnetism, &c., for the last fifty years. All the world knows that he was in the very foremost rank of discoverers, and of elucidators. Whether he was greater at a discovery, or at a description of it in a lecture, is not easily settled; what is known is that he was among the first of mankind in both.

But both these different celebrities, so well known to the world, were almost overshadowed in private life by his singular modesty and gentleness of character, which endeared him to all who had the good fortune to come in contact with him. On this point it would take more time to write than we can now command. We might, indeed, heap together descriptive epithets; but they would not separate Faraday from others of the class amiable. Something more is wanted; a discriminating account of that peculiar loveliness of character by which he was distinguished from other upright and kindhearted men as much as by his own unusual name. We trust there are among his contemporaries those who can fix and hand down the moral and social lineaments of his mind. They must not allow the name of Faraday to be nothing but a peg on which to hang discoveries.

He died at Hampton Court, in which a residence was granted him in 1858. His end was, we hear, as peaceful as his life.—*Athenaeum*.

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (and style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer 308, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar 95, S.E.—[ADVT.]



VIEW OF TORONTO.



ENTRY OF HENRY IV. INTO PARIS.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE BARRISTER AND THE GAY LADY.—Rose Bell, described as an "unfortunate," was charged before Mr. Knox with annoying Mr. Brerley, barrister, No. 25, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. The complainant, an elderly gentleman, said he charged the prisoner with annoying him, and he asked that she might be punished with the utmost severity of the law. The prisoner said the complainant had made a mistake. She was not the person who had annoyed him. The complainant said he had been dining with an officer, and while proceeding down Oxford-street he got into an interesting conversation with the fire-escape man stationed outside Messrs. Jackson and Graham's premises. The prisoner came up to him and annoyed him. He told her to go away, and charged her with being a bad character; and she then pulled his beard and whiskers and pinched his arm. Having a stick in his hand he struck her with it, and she then left him. Having at last succeeded in meeting with a constable, he went after the prisoner and gave her into custody, although she denied being the person who had spoken to him. He was satisfied she was the person, and her conduct towards him was annoying and abominable. Police-constable Tooley, 169 E, said about half-past one in the morning complainant told him that a woman had followed and annoyed him, and had pulled his whiskers. The complainant pointed out the prisoner, and he took her to the station. When at the station the prisoner removed her hat, and the complainant said she was not the woman, but afterwards he said she was. He believed the complainant had made a mistake, as he was very much excited, and was not sober. The prisoner called a witness, Fanny Lanthorne, who stated that she was with the prisoner, and could assure the magistrate that the prisoner did nothing whatever to the complainant. The complainant finished his stick about, and nearly struck her with it. Mr. Knox asked the witness if the prisoner touched the complainant at all. Witness said she did not. The complainant said he would swear she pulled his beard. Mr. Knox was about to make some remarks, but, being interrupted by the complainant repeatedly, he told him to sit down, and after some little he complied. Mr. Knox said the prisoner had clearly been wrongly given into custody. The complainant had at first thought it was one person who assaulted him and then another, and even at the police-station was not certain whether the prisoner had assaulted him or not, in addition to which he was not sober. The prisoner was the victim of a gross error. She would be discharged, but would have her remedy against the party who had wrongly given her into custody.

THE ARTIST AND HIS MODEL.—Mary Gallin, 52, respectfully attired, but plain in features, and described as a needlewoman, was charged with annoying M. Victor Boutellier, an artist, residing at 12, Marlborough-road, Peckham. The prosecutor, a Frenchman, said that he had been subjected to all sorts of annoyances from the prisoner. On Friday last she came to his residence, collected a crowd of some 150 persons, and insisted upon sweeping the doorsteps, and for that purpose brought a broom with her. (Laughter.) The Magistrate: But what's the cause of all this?—Witness: Well, some six or seven years ago she sat as a model for a picture I was painting, and after that she would follow me. A few days ago she walked by my side more than a mile, and insisted upon holding her parasol over my head and face, so as I should not be scorched by the sun or inconvenienced by the dust. (Loud laughter.) I told her to go, but she would not. Defendant (looking tenderly towards the witness): You know I felt uncomfortable at seeing you without a wife or housekeeper, and offered to aid you. You know it was my tender feelings towards you. (Loud laughter, in which the worthy magistrate joined.) The Magistrate: But you must eradicate those tender feelings, especially when you see the gentleman does not admire your attentions. The only reason given for your conduct is that at one time you sat as a model. Defendant (with a burst of indignation): I did, but I wish your worship to understand it was not as a nude figure, for I was attired in black silk. Magistrate: Will you promise not to annoy the complainant again? Defendant: Yes; if he does not want me. Complainant: I want you, I should think not. Defendant having entered into the required promise was discharged, and left the court with a smile of mingled love, pity, and revenge towards the complainant, and amidst considerable laughter from a crowded court.

A TROUBLESOME WOMAN.—Catherine Duggan was brought before Mr. Benson, charged with being drunk, disorderly, and assaulting another female. John Sheppard, a police-constable, 43 H, stated that the prisoner was fighting with another woman, and was very drunk and noisy. The prisoner, who kept up a continual noise, said that she had been sent to prison for seven days, and when she was released her two children were in the workhouse. She then went into a noisy history of some of her adventures, and said she had faithfully observed the temperance pledge for nine months, and if she was liberated she would take the pledge for twelve months, and keep it faithfully. Mr. Benson: How can I rely upon you?—Roche, the gaoler of the court, said the prisoner was the most troublesome woman he ever encountered. Last time she was at that court and locked up, she put her infant through the wicket, and it would have fallen on the pavement outside if he had not caught the child. If he had been absent the child would have fallen on its head and been killed. Mr. Benson hardly knew what to do with the prisoner. She had a black eye, there were contusions on her face, and he was afraid she was punished worse than the woman who charged her and did not appear. He should put the case back and consider what he would do with her. The prisoner was then removed, and in a few minutes the constable returned and said the inspector at the adjoining station-house objected to receive the prisoner and lock her up. Mr. Benson said he wished to deliberate upon the case, and the woman could be locked up temporarily in one of the cells attached to the court. Mr. Livingston, the chief usher, said the gaoler of the court only received prisoners after their case had been finally determined by the magistrate. Sheppard said the police-station adjoining the court belonged to the K division, and he belonged to the H division. If the woman was locked up he should have to stay at the door of the cell till she was brought again; but if she was locked up in the H division station in Leman-street, Whitechapel, she would be under the charge of the inspector on duty there. Mr. Benson ordered the woman to stand in the dock again, and sentenced her to one day's imprisonment.

A STREET ORATOR.—William Edwards, a singular-looking man, with a large roll of coloured prints in his right hand and a bundle of pamphlets in his left, a street missionary, was charged with obstructing the thoroughfare in the Waterloo-road, and exposing to view coloured prints and selling pamphlets on Sunday afternoon. Dawson, 177 L, said that on Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, he was on duty in the Waterloo-road, when he saw about 200 or 300 people collected near the turning into Gibson-street. The road at that part was partially blocked up with the sewers work, so that very little space was left for the extensive traffic in that part. Hearing a shouting noise and a great disturbance, he proceeded to the spot, and saw the prisoner in the centre of the mob shouting as loud as he could against intemperance. He was exposing also some coloured prints of "The Bottle," and disposing of pamphlets. The mob was jeering at him, and the obstruction was so great that he was compelled to go up to him and request him to leave. He refused to do so, and at last he was obliged to take him into custody. The defendant here said he had been harshly dealt with by the police. He was a teetotaler, and at the time was doing a great deal of good by advo-

cating temperance in the presence of working men. As for the coloured prints, they merely represented the evils of drunkenness, and the pamphlets were very instructive. Mr. Burcham told him that whatever his opinions might be, he had no right to obstruct the public thoroughfares. The defendant informed his worship that he was doing a great public duty by advocating temperance in the presence of a number of working men, and while doing so four drunken men came up to him, and not only abused him, but pulled him about in rather a rough manner. He remonstrated with them, and threatened to give them in charge, but the officer who came up refused to interfere. He went on with his duty, when 177 L came towards him, and in a rough manner took him into custody, damaging his prints. He did not consider he was obstructing the street, as he was standing on the wood work connected with the sewer. Sergeant Green, 14 I, said that about half-past three in the afternoon he was on duty in the Waterloo-road, when he saw the prisoner preaching to a mob of two or three hundred persons about temperance at the corner of Gibson-street, where the traffic was very great. Witness went up to him, and perceiving that he was exposing some large, coloured prints, as well as selling pamphlets, told him he was obstructing the street, and must go away. Some men came up and questioned him, but he did not see any one interfere with him. Witness then went away, and shortly afterwards saw him brought to the station-house. Dawson was recalled, and in answer to the magistrate, he said that the prisoner's conduct almost caused a riot. He was extremely obstinate, and refused to go away. The prisoner denied that, and considered that he was performing a great duty, and the police ought to have protected him. He called David Payne, an engineer, who stated that the remarks made by the prisoner were very good, and, if adopted by the assembly, would be of great benefit to them. But he admitted that the street was obstructed by the mob. Mr. Burcham told the prisoner that his own witness corroborated the testimony of the police. He therefore fined him 5s., or seven days' imprisonment.

KICKING A MAN'S TEETH OUT.—John Lawless and John Burke, powerful-looking labourers, were charged with violently assaulting Police-constable John Langford, 35 D, and Mary Lawless, mother of the first prisoner, was charged with an attempt at rescue. The first prisoner had to be brought to the court handcuffed, as he was so violent. Police-constable Tomkins, 221 D, said that about midday on Sunday his attention was called to the male prisoners, who were in Nightingale-street. There was an immense crowd there. The constable Langford was there in a fainting state, and bleeding from wounds on his face. He spoke to the prisoner Lawless, who said that he would go with him, but that he would make the — (Langford) drink his heart's blood. Witness took him, and on the road to the station-house the female tried to pull him away. He took her as well. Another constable took Burke. Mr. Mansfield asked if the injured constable was present. Tomkins said he could not attend. He was too bad. He had got his teeth kicked out and his eye badly cut. Mr. Mansfield fined the female prisoner 5s., and remanded the men.

LUCKY ESCAPE.—Patrick Mason, a young fellow well-known to the police, was brought before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with assaulting Samuel Payne, in Webster-street, Blackfriars-road, and robbing him of a silver watch worth £3 3s. The prosecutor said he was a signman at Forest-hill, and on the night of the 23rd ultimo he was passing up Webster-street, on his way to the London-bridge Terminus, when some one came suddenly against him and knocked him down, and while on the ground he received several kicks, and his watch was taken from him. As soon as he partially recovered himself he seized hold of the prisoner as he was leaning over him, and when a constable came up he gave him into custody. In cross-examination by Mr. Edwin, the witness said that he had been out for a holiday to see some friends, and had drunk rather more than usual. When he was knocked down it was done so sudden that he could not distinguish the man. He could not swear to the prisoner. William Mullins, 126 L, said that he was passing the end of Webster-street, when he heard cries of "Police!" and on proceeding to the place from whence the noise came he saw the prosecutor and the prisoner struggling together. The former gave the latter into custody for assaulting and robbing him of his watch. Mr. Edwin, for the prisoner, said that he saw the prosecutor lying in the gutter, and when he went to pick him up he charged him with robbing him of his watch. Mr. Burcham asked if there was any further evidence against the prisoner. Mullins replied in the negative, when Mr. Burcham said that the prisoner must be discharged.

POOR-BOX.—Mr. Burcham received £1 from R. R., and 2s. 6d. from H. B., for John Hannant, with a request of an acknowledgment by the press.

LAMENTABLE EFFECTS OF INTemperance.—William White, a man about 30 years of age, presenting a most wretched and dirty appearance, was charged with robbing Mr. William Sparrow, of 2, Ranelagh-terrace, Pimlico, chemist under the following circumstances. Mr. Sparrow said that he had occasion to go out of town on Monday fortnight, and left the prisoner, who had been recommended to him as a highly respectable man, in charge of his shop. He left him £5 in gold and other money for change, with which the prisoner disappeared before his return on Monday last. When he came back he found that the prisoner had absconded, and he could hear nothing of him until Sunday, when he was informed that the prisoner was sitting in Hyde-park. Besides the money which had been left, the prisoner had received the whole of the takings for different articles sold in the shop. A man, who described himself as a billiard-marker out of employment, said that he chanced to be sitting on the same seat in the park as the prisoner, who told him that he had got drunk and been drugged and robbed of his employer's money, and that he had then deserted his shop, which he had left unprotected. He was now very sorry, and did not care what became of him. He sent witness to prosecutor. Prisoner, in reply to the charge, said he had left the money in the shop. He was remanded.

THE RESULT OF PEEPING THROUGH A HOLE.—Michael Burke, aged 19 years, was charged with stealing 3s. in silver, and 1s. in pence and halfpence from the person of Mr. George Liddell. On Friday afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, and while a boat-race was going on upon the river, a policeman, named Marriott, was peeping through a rifle hole in the eastern gate of the Tower of London, and saw the prisoner among the mob collected on Tower-hill in the act of rifling the pockets of the prosecutor, who was the worse for liquor. The prisoner put his hands into all Mr. Liddell's pockets, except the left hand trousers' pocket, and took from them all the money he had. Marriott left his hiding-place and immediately seized the prisoner, who had some money in both hands. Marriott laid hold of one hand, which contained two threepenny pieces and a penny. The prisoner at the same time threw away the money in his other hand and tripped up the constable. Marriott was soon on his feet again, pursued the prisoner and caught him. The prisoner threw the constable again, and several disorderly ruffians attempted to rescue the prisoner. A sentinel on duty at the Tower gates came to the assistance of the constable, presented his bayonet, and threatened to run the prisoner through the body if he made any further resistance. The prisoner then submitted. The Prisoner: How large was the hole in the gate of the Tower?—Marriott: Large enough to see you rob the prosecutor. Mr. Liddell said he was robbed of 4s., and saw the constable seize the man alongside of him—he had more. The Prisoner: How much?—Mr. Liddell: I don't know. The prisoner was committed for trial.

TAKING CARE OF HIS MONEY.—Elizabeth Thomas, a widow, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with stealing a £10 and a £5 Bank note, £7 10s. in gold, and several small coins from the

person of Jonathan Casey. The prosecutor said he was a provision merchant of Cork, and was an Irishman, but for the last nine months had settled in England, and cohabited with the prisoner at No. 181, Oxford-street, St. Mary. On Friday night she took all his money out of his pocket, and kept it for safety. Mr. Paget: For safety. Then you believe she had no intention to rob you?—Witness: No, she took the money for safety, to take care of it, but she would not give it up to me. The Prisoner: You were not in a fit state to take care of your money. He was drunk, your worship. He is always drunk. He was fined in this court last week for being drunk and incapable. The prosecutor admitted the truth of the prisoner's statement. The Prisoner: Yes, and I have often taken care of his money before, and taken it from him to prevent it falling into bad hands. A police-constable said the prisoner delivered the whole of the money which she took from Casey to him. Mr. Paget said the prosecutor had made a very ungrateful return to the prisoner for the care she had taken of him and his money. The charge was the most extraordinary he had ever heard. The parties had cohabited together as man and wife for nine months, the woman took care of her promiscuous money, and he gave her into custody. He discharged the prisoner.

AFTER FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.—Mary Ann Taylor, a woman about 40 years of age, was brought before Mr. Benson, charged with wilful damage to the amount of £5. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, said the prosecutor in this case was a gentleman, named Suffolk, of Kirk House, Tredgar-place, Bow-road. The prisoner had cohabited with Mr. Suffolk as his wife for eighteen years. In March last they separated, and he allowed her a sufficient sum for the maintenance of herself and their children. The prisoner had since then frequently annoyed Mr. Suffolk, and threatened him. On Saturday night she went to the house of the prosecutor and threatened him. She then took up a post in the grounds of Mr. Suffolk, and smashed two large panes of glass. The value of them was very great, probably £10, but Mr. Suffolk only laid the damages at £5. The prisoner declared she intended to destroy everything, and if she had got into the room, the windows of which were broken, there was £300 worth of property there. Emma Turner, a servant, said that the prisoner came to her master's house and asked for her children. She shut the door on the prisoner, who immediately broke in the windows and attempted to enter the room through the aperture she made. The witness added, I was dreadfully alarmed and went in search of a police-constable. The prisoner: I only went to the house to see my husband, and was insulted by the servant girl, who has usurped my place. Mr. Benson asked the amount of mischief done, and Mr. Charles Young replied upwards of £5, but the prosecutor humbly fixed the damage below £5, to save the prisoner and prevent her being committed for trial. Edward Coble, a police-constable, said he took the prisoner into custody, and that she threatened to break everything in the place. The prisoner: I said nothing of the kind. I never had any intention of doing any mischief in the house. I broke the window for the purpose of having an interview with Mr. Suffolk. Mr. Charles Young: She attempted to set fire to the house four months ago. The prisoner said she had been very badly treated by Mr. Suffolk. Mr. Charles Young said the prisoner was allowed £5 per month for the support of herself and three children, and that two others were educated at Mr. Suffolk's expense. The prisoner: No; I have to keep five children for £5 per month, and pay 8s. per week rent. Not such a wonderful deal after all. Mr. Benson: If you enter into these immoral connections you must take the consequences of it. Mr. Suffolk said he only wanted to preserve his property. The gross misconduct of the prisoner caused him to sever the connection between them. She was a good mother, and he did not want to send her to prison. He wanted peace. He paid her £5 on Saturday morning, the day before the money was due. Mr. Benson said the prosecutor had mercifully laid the damages at £5, which was below the injury she had occasioned. The prisoner laughed. Mr. Benson: It is no use your laughing. If the prosecutor had fixed the damage at £6, as he might have done, I must have committed you for trial. Mr. Charles Young said the prosecutor would be satisfied with the prisoner finding a surety. Mr. Benson said he was very glad he was not called upon to put the law in force. She was liable to two months' imprisonment and hard labour. He ordered her to enter into her own recognisances to keep the peace, and to appear that day four weeks to receive the judgment of the Court. The punishment she would receive would depend on her future conduct.

STEALING GLASSES FROM A PUBLIC-HOUSE.—Charles Perkins, an elderly man, was charged with stealing two glass tumblers from the Crown and Cushion public-house, Russell-street, Covent Garden. Mr. Hunt, the landlord, said that on Friday the prisoner came to the bar and ordered a glass of rum. Witness served him, and he then asked for the morning paper. He sat for more than one hour pretending to read the paper. The witness frequently detected him peeping over the edge of the sheet to watch his movements. In the course of the day two glasses were missed, and witness's suspicion fell on the prisoner. On Saturday he came again. Witness, though having some suspicion, was not quite certain that the prisoner had stolen the glasses, and therefore did not charge him. The prisoner remained for some hours over a pint of beer and a newspaper. Witness, having occasion to go up stairs, left his son to attend to the bar, with strict injunctions not to lose sight of the prisoner. When he came down the prisoner was going away, and a young woman who had come in upon an errand said she had seen him put two of the glasses in his pockets. Witness at once saw that two glasses had disappeared from the table. He followed the prisoner out and stopped him, and found the two glasses, one in his coat pocket and the other in his trousers pocket. They were of a peculiar pattern, and the only two of the kind. The prisoner was remanded.

A NEW METEOROLOGICAL SYSTEM.

Being an ingenious method of predicting the various changes in the weather.

First catch a pretty girl, then place her before a mirror.—This will denote—Fair.
Request her (politely) to be seated.—Set Fair.
Tell her (not politely) that she paints.—Change.
Announce her lover.—Rain.
Make them quarrel.—Wet.
Show her a rival.—Much Wet.
Disarrange her Chignon.—Stormy.—Judy.
MOTTO for Cobby.—Ride in spits.—Judy.

INTELLIGENCE has been received in Liverpool that the small boat, Thomas T. Ford, bound from Baltimore to Havre, and then to the Exhibition at Paris, had capsized on the 19th of August, in long 6 W., and that her crew, consisting of three men, were drowned.

EPILEPSY OR FITS.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint, is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Sent free to all on receipt of their name and address, by Dr. O. Phelps Brown, No. 2, King-street, Covent Garden, London. [ADVT.]

TAKING THE AIR.

In principle there is nothing more beautiful than rising into the sky by rarefying the air as you go along—or words to that effect. In practice it is not agreeable on a boiling summer day to stand close to a fiery and flaming furnace, and to feel the sun with large bunches of chopped straw. I am told that M. Godard's machine looked very pretty as seen from town. I am glad it did. I forgive the furnace; I forgive everybody. It was years ago; I was a fool for going up; and never did I feel more like one than when coming down; for our blaze, as big as it was, could hardly be considered as a blaze of triumph. We did not "leap into the air;" we first gave a feeble flutter, like that of a jockey one of whose wings has been clipped; and then we drove right against the crater of Mount Vesuvius, or the ruins of Sebastopol—for it befell that the ascent was from Cremorne, and just as we were letting go, a gallant officer made up his mind to "join." A gallant officer was no light weight—he was amongst the heaviest of the heavies; and as we rose he did leap into the air, caught the ear, and "came aboard, sir." Our impetus, hardly sufficient before, was of course checked; and we went against some pictured foreign land, as above related, knocking away some proud pinnacle or other the like projections in the "set piece." The people below evidently thought we were coming down again; and I grieve to say that the prevalent idea amongst them was, not so much that of giving us a hearty welcome, as that of getting a considerable distance out of our way. We, however, were nobly equal to the occasion—especially M. Godard himself, who managed to blow a victorious foot on a little trumpet whilst he was also busy at work in replenishing the fire. We cleared our little obstacles, and the general public, cheering us heartily, evidently thought we were enjoying ourselves a good deal. Perhaps we were—some of us. Perhaps Frenchmen like being broiled. It may be an acquired taste "all as one other." Personally I don't; nor did my gallant friend, if he will allow me to call him so. Broiling, however, in the upper air is perhaps better than being seethed in the river Thames; and descending somewhere in the regions below Blackwall, but on the Kentish side, we only just cleared the water. An imaginative person might have heard it hiss, so close were our flames. That we struck against a bank and very nearly recovered ourselves sufficiently to go full tilt against some river-side manufactory, these are also amongst the "impressions" of my "voyage;" whilst its moral is even this: If you will go up in a balloon at all, don't go up in one with a fiery furnace.—*Times's Magazine.*

A SHAMEFUL TRADE.

THE *Field* gives a startling account of certain traders in Lambeth who deodorize and manipulate stale turbot, plaice, and soles, and so render them saleable as food to the poorer classes. Our contemporary says that few iniquities connected with our food supply are more disastrous than those connected with the sale of semi-decayed fish, and well suggests that these so-called "Fish Curers" should all be licensed, and compelled to submit to official inspection. In former days the Fishmongers' Company by its charter was bound "to examine all and any person within London and the suburbs thereof, whether denizens or strangers, selling salt fish or fish of any kind, and all places where the same shall be dried or stored, and if the same be unwholesome or corrupt, to dispose of it according to law;" but the London companies have become sadly torpid from age and high living, and seem to care little nowadays how the poor are fed so that their own dinners are famous. Beyond giving a very slight superintendence to the badly-managed market of Billingsgate, we believe that the Fishmongers' Company do not interfere at all with the details of the fish supply of London.

BEGGARS AND THEIR PROFITS.

A CASE which was heard at the Birmingham Police-court last week shows what an excellent living is often made by those who beg about our streets. An Arab, named John Hassan, was charged with stabbing a Hindoo named Kissa. Both men are beggars, and resided in Lichfield-street, and for some time there has been a quarrel between the Arab and the Hindoo beggars, both of which reside in considerable numbers in Birmingham. Hassan is possessed of a well and respectably furnished house; and his wife, who appeared in court, was an expensively and showily-dressed, rather handsome white woman. She went short of nothing, the earnings of Hassan being sufficient to provide a good living, opium included. The quarrel arose from the fact of Hassan having off red a woman five shillings to thrash a woman whom Kissa kept. The woman failed to carry out her agreement, and on Hassan meeting Kissa, he stabbed him in the eye with a penknife. Considerable amusement was caused by the Indian being sworn upon water according to the Brahmin fashion. The Bench sentenced the prisoner to fourteen days' imprisonment, and he was taken below affirming that he should die without his opium. There was a large number of coloured beggars present.

COMIC ENTERTAINMENT AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

MR. FREDERICK MACCABE commenced his second season in London last Monday, at the Egyptian Hall, with a series of entertainments, musical, dramatic, and ventriloquist in character, under the title of "Begone, dull Care!" The first part of the entertainment commenced with an imitation of Mr. Henry Russell. After a quarter of an hour's break the entertainment was resumed with a ventriloquist sketch, entitled, "Maccabe's Excursion Train; or, the Travellers' Complaints, and the Trials of a Railway Porter," in which a new song, with bell, whistle, and steam accompaniment is introduced, together

with seven characters, prominent among whom is the inevitable distressed female, with three small children, four chests of heavy luggage, and minor baggage in proportion. The remaining personations were those of Tommy Grindley, "a chap from Biddon;" Jack Junk, the sailor; and Terry O'Mulligan, "a brother of a boy;" together with the introduction. The hall was well filled, and the warm greetings which greeted Mr. Maccabe on his appearance on the stage were frequently renewed during the performance of the programme, and were well merited by his eye for eye in the mimic art, and the unlagging spirit with which the multifarious impersonations were presented.

FREEMASONRY.

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.—Those who are interested in the success of this admirable school, will be gratified to learn that at the Oxford Local Middle-Class Examination in June last, at South Kensington, two boys were sent up for examination—viz., Harry William Wildman, aged 13, and Charles Joseph Ridgway, aged 15, both of whom passed with honour to themselves and credit to the school and its excellent head-master, Mr. Furman, the two boys having satisfied the examiners in all the subjects in which they were permitted to be examined. DULWICH.—BEADON LODGE (No. 699).—A meeting of this lodge took place on the 21st ult. at the Greyhound Hotel, for the purpose of installing Bro. Thomas Meekham W.M. The lodge having been opened by Bro. A. P. Leonard, P.M., in the absence of the W.M., Bro. E. S. Parker, who was ill, Bro. Alfred Avery, P.M., afterwards took the chair, and Bro. James W. Avery presented Bro. Thomas Meekham, S.W., for the benefit of installation. The W.M. appointed and invested his officers as follows:—Bros. H. Massey, S.W.; Edmund C. Massey, J.W.; Alfred Avery, P.M.; Treas., A. P. Leonard, P.M.; Sec., G. Clements, S.D.; T. H. Chapman, J.D.; T. C. Unwin, I.G.; Frederick Deering, Dir. of Cers.; J. Daley, Tyler. The installing brother then concluded with the charges, and was loudly applauded by a very full lodge on resuming his seat. The lodge being formally closed the brethren adjourned to banquet. Grace having been sung, the W.M. gave the usual loyal and Masonic toasts. The toast of "The Earl de Grey and Ripon" was responded to by Bro. Dickie. The S.W. returned thanks for "The Officers," and the Tyler's toast brought a very happy evening to a close.

ROYAL ARCH.—CANNONBURY CHAPTER (No. 697).—The members of this chapter met in convocation at the George Hotel, Aldermanbury, on the 22nd ult. Comp. W. Watson officiated as Z., with Comps. Ough, H., and Westcombe, J.; Cary, S.E.; Applebee, E. Clark, Decent, Maydwell, Berri, Snow, &c. Visitors:—Comps. Fox, Z. 19; Cooke, Z. 331; R. W. Little, P.Z. 975, and J. 177. There being no business before the chapter the companions adjourned to the banquet table, and a very pleasant evening was spent, enlivened considerably by the capital singing of Comps. Fox, Maydwell, and Decent. A P.Z.'s jewel was presented to Comp. Chancellor, I.P.Z., for his very efficient services in the chair during the past year, and the worthy companion expressed his acknowledgments in feeling and appropriate terms. Comps. Fox, Little, and Cooke replied seriatim for the kind reception accorded to the toast of the visitors.

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NOTICE.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS of this Week contains the summer content of

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NOTICE.—The Excursion to Cirencester, Stroud,
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15th, will not run at that date, but on Sunday,
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J. GRIERSON, General Manager.
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